

THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, etc.

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No. 213.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1821.

PRICE 8d.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Every friend to literature in Great Britain, and in the world (for any new and powerful impulse given to it in this country must be felt throughout the universe), will rejoice to hear, that the preliminary steps for carrying this grand design into execution are nearly completed. Circumstances of a private nature have retarded the preparations for a few weeks; but we have reason to look with confidence to the ensuing month, as the period when the whole plan will be publicly developed and carried into execution. Having already stated the general objects of the Institution, and offered our humble suggestions upon them, it affords us no small pleasure to learn, that in consequence of these remarks, at a committee meeting of the Society, held in December, it was agreed to omit from the title the words, "*for the encouragement of indigent merit.*" Though we might be allowed to mention this fact out of a pardonable vanity, we can truly assert, that we relate it with infinitely more delight, as the best answer that could be given to the petty cavils with which a few contemptible writers, whose souls never admired any thing that was great, nor ever approved of any thing that was good, have attempted to depreciate this noble purpose. When it is seen, that the high and learned persons concerned in the arrangement of this Royal Undertaking have not hesitated to adopt advice, however lowly the quarter whence it came; it may safely be inferred, that their conduct will in every other respect be open, liberal, judicious, and just. In a word, that they will accomplish in the best way, the great objects of the Society, TO REWARD LITERARY MERIT, AND TO EXCITE LITERARY TALENT*.

* The friends, and personal strangers, who have done us the honour, on reading our observations, (and not knowing where to offer their subscriptions) to request us to be their agents in this matter, are informed, that we only within these few days learned, that Messrs. Hiaire, bankers; Hatchard, bookseller; and the Secretary *pro tempore* of the Institution, were authorized to receive contributions. To one of these we shall hand the list in our possession. Ed.

The reign of George the Fourth will be sufficiently famous in history; but we will venture to predict, that not the splendour of the warlike achievements which have brightened it; not the gigantic progress of civilization, which has made it memorable; not the wonderful discoveries in science, which have adorned it; will produce such stupendous effects, or constitute an epoch so immortal, as the foundation of the Royal Society of Literature.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of the Life of Anne Boleyn, Queen of Henry VIII. By Miss Benger. 2 vols. small 8vo. Lond. 1821.

The works of Miss Benger have so fully established her in the literary world, among the female ornaments of the times, that the praise which these interesting volumes would otherwise extort, may well be spared. It is one of the best written, and most pleasing memoirs, within the scope of the subject; and though the circumstances of the life of Anne Bullen can hardly be new to the readers of history, even they will spend an agreeable hour in contemplating them so touchingly represented; while the general public will peruse with admiration and sympathy, the well told tale of her hapless fate, and the picturesque descriptions which it involves, of the manners of our ancestors at the distance of three centuries.

Anne Boleyn was born at Rochford, in Essex (40 miles from London, and now the property of W. L. W. Pole, Esq.), in the year 1507, two years before her future husband ascended the English throne. When seven years old, she went to France in the train of the Princess Mary, on her marriage with Louis XII.; and after the death of that monarch, and the return of Mary to England as the wife of the Duke of Suffolk, she remained in Paris, having been transferred to the service of Claude, the queen of Francis the First. Among the numerous youthful court of this Princess she was educated; occasionally seeing her father, Sir Thomas Bullen, whose diplomatic missions not unfrequently led him to the continent. Treating of this period, Miss B. says,

"It may perhaps be asked, what services were required of Anne Boleyn, and how far

her situation was calculated to promote her father's favourite object, that of forming in his daughter an elegant and accomplished woman? The maids of honour appear to have been always considered rather as ornamental than useful: neither serious charge, nor weighty responsibility was ever imposed on these fairest ministers of royalty, whose business it was, like nymphs, to encircle their queen only to shed around her the ineffable charm of grace and beauty; accustomed to attend her on all public exhibitions of pomp and splendor; to dress with taste, to move with elegance, comprised their most important duties: their accomplishments, if any they possessed, were reserved for the recreation of her private hours, when, according to her humour, they were required to sing, dance, work, and pray, alternately associated in her labours and devotions. Finally, their conduct was closely inspected by an elderly *gouvernante*, whose duty it was to maintain amongst them strict order and decorum. In the absence of schools and other seminaries of instruction, an establishment such as this must have offered some equivocal advantages to childhood, and few attractions to youth: to the former it might supply habits of docility and application, of promptitude and self-possession, eminently useful in the intercourse of after-life; nor was it a defect peculiar to the education received in a court, that it blasted, by a specious semblance of maturity, the artless simplicity of childhood. Amongst the other vices inseparable from the artificial system transmitted by the middle ages, it was not the least, that it abridged what is usually esteemed the best and happiest season of human existence: the cheerfulness of infancy was soon clouded with care. At four years of age the sons of the nobility commenced their studies; at six they were initiated into the Latin grammar; at twelve they were introduced into company; at fourteen they exhausted their strength in hunting; at sixteen they were exercised in jousting; and at eighteen they were boldly ushered into public life. The education of girls was still more perniciously opposed to simplicity and nature; from the earliest period, they appear to have been taught to imitate the manners, and even to adopt the dress of grown women: at thirteen they were not only disfigured by the stiff costumes, but infected with the pride, the vanity, and folly of their elder associates. From the moment that they were allowed to assume their place at the tournament, they affected to dispense smiles and favors on real or pretended votaries; and, whilst glittering with gold and jewels, they began to expatiate on the reciprocations between the mistress and the servant, they learnt to envy the distinctions conferred by

the bold successful champion, and to sigh for the sovereignty conceded to peerless beauty.

"Of the elementary education of Anne Boleyn, little is known, and nothing detailed; but it is impossible not to discover that it must have been likely rather to foster pride and vanity, than to exercise the sympathies, or to create the habits of domestic life. From the cradle, she had been an object of peculiar attention; her beauty attracted notice; her quick parts, and graceful attitudes, called forth spontaneous admiration. It is traditionally recorded, that her promising childhood gave the presage of her future greatness; and in this, as in other instances, the prediction might lead to its own accomplishment."

Previous to following out the biographical thread, we may preface that the first quarter of the volume is delightfully occupied with original documents from the British Museum, and information collected from old writers, whose tracts are not in common circulation. Thus we find entertaining notices interspersed with the view of Henry's court and conduct. A letter from Queen Catherine to Wolsey of 13th August, 1513 (the period when Henry invaded France), is worthy of selection, were it only for its allusion to the game of Golf.

"Master Almoner, I received both the letters by Copynger and John Glyn, and I am very glad to hear so [how] well the king passeth his dangerous passage. . . . I trust to God it shall so continue that ever the king shall have . . . best on his enemies with as great honour as ever king had. Till I saw your letter I [was] troubled to hear [how] to hear the king was to the siege of Trouenne . . . but now I thank God ye make me sure of the good heed that the king taketh of himself, to avoid all manner of dangers. I pray you, good Mr. Almoner, remember the king always this to continue, for with his life and health there is nothing in the world that shall come amiss, by the grace of God, and . . . without that, I can see no manner of good thing shall fall after it, and being sure that ye will not forget this, I will say herein no more, but I pray you to write . . . to me and though ye have no great matters, yet I pray you send me word. . . . the chief that is to me from the king's own self. Ye may think, when I put you to this labour, that I forget the great business that ye have on hand; but if ye see . . . in what case I am, that is without any comfort or pleasure unless I hear from him, ye will not blame me to desire you, though it be a short letter, to let me know from you tidings as often as may be, as my trusting dispatch unto you. From hence, I have no thing to write to you, but that ye be not so busy in this . . . war, as we be here encumbered with it. I mean that touching my own concerns, for going farther, where I shall not so often hear from the king. And all his subjects be very glad, I thank God, to be busy with the goff, for they take

* This passage evidently alludes to the popular game of goffe, of which the following account is given in Strutt's Sports and Pastimes:—"There are many games played with the ball,

it for . . . pass-time; my heart is very good to it and I am horrible busy with making standards, banners, and bagets. I pray God first to send there with you a good battall, as I trust he shall do, and with that every thing here shall go very well. . . . you to send me word whether you received the letters that I sent unto you to . . . of the king my father and what answer he gave you to it; and with this. . . . as end. At Richmond the xiiij day of August. CATHERINE."

It was in this trip to France that Henry first deviated from his fidelity to Catherine. The battle of Flodden was fought ere his return, which the Author thus mentions—

"It is easy to imagine how much the recollections and the trophies of this glorious victory must have heightened the delight with which Catharine welcomed back her lord and sovereign. She neither knew nor suspected with what ardent admiration he had beheld the beautiful wife of Sir Gilbert Tallboyst, (governor of Calais,) the first acknowledged rival in her husband's affections."

But we must take up again the story of the heroine of this tragedy. Anne stayed eight years in France, and was probably a spectator of the famous meeting between Henry and Francis, in the field of the Cloth of Gold, of which an animated picture is drawn. On the breaking out of the war, in 1522-3, a formal requisition was made to Francis for the restoration of Anne Bullen, who in consequence was sent back to England. She was, as is well known, under the auspices of Wolsey, introduced to the king, upon whose heart her brunette complexion and fascinating manners made a deep impression, in spite of the imperfections thus curiously enumerated by her ardent admirer, and the defender of her memory, Sir T. Wyatt.

"There was at this time presented to the eye of the court the rare and admirable bewtie of the fresh and yonge Lady Anne Boleyn, to be attendicte upon the Queene. In this noble imp the graces of nature, graced by gracions education, seemed even at the first to have promised this unto hereafter times; she was taken at that time to have a bewtie not so whitly cleere and fresh, above al we may esteeme, which appeared much more excellent by her favour passinge sweete and chearful, and thes both also increased by her noble presence of shape and fasion, representing both mildness and majesty, more than can be exprest. Ther was found in-

that require the assistance of a club, or bat, and probably the most ancient among them is the pastime now distinguished by the name of goff. In the northern parts of the kingdom, goff is much practised. It requires much room to perform this game with propriety: it answers to a rustic pastime of the Romans, which they played with a ball of leather stuffed with feathers, called *puganda*; and the goff-ball is composed of the same materials to this day."

† This lady, the daughter of Sir John Blount, appears to have been one of the most beautiful and accomplished women of her time. After her husband's death she was notoriously the king's mistress, and had by him a son called Henry Fitzroy, born in 1519, created Duke of Richmond, in 1525, who died in 1537.

deede upon the side of her naile upon one of her fingers some little shewe of a naile, which yet was so small, by the report of those that have seen her, as the *woortheimaister* seemed to leave it an occasion of greater grace to her hand, which, with the tip of one of her other fingers, might be and was usually by her hidden, without any least blemish to it. Likewise ther were said to be upon certin parts of her boddy small moles, incident to the clearest complexions; and certainly both thes were none other than might more stain their writings with note of malice, that have catch at such light moles in so bright beames of bewtie, than in any parts shaddow it, as may right wel appeare by many arguments, but chiefly by the choise and exquisite judgments of many brave spirits that weer esteemed to honor the honorable parts in her, even honored of envie itself."

The poetical portrait, by the same amiable hand, may be congenially quoted.

A face that should content me, word'rous well Should not be fair, — but lovely to behold; With gladsome cheer all grief for to expel, With sollar looks; so would I that it should Speak without words, such words as none can tell.

Her tresse also should be of crisped gold, With wit, and then might chance I might be tied,

And knit again the knot that should not slide.*

A very strange opinion of the English court at this period must be formed from the following *naïve* description.

"Under the Tudors, the frank hospitality of the rude Saxon monarchs was still perpetuated on public festivals, at Christmas and Easter, on twelfth day and Michaelmas, and some other extraordinary occasions, when the King lived in Hall, and freely treated all who asked for entertainment. In general the palace, like the pageant so often admitted within its walls, presented a motley combination of bloated luxury and squalid wretchedness, fantastic elegance and sordid penury. The royal apartments were strewn with rushes; the stairs and floors of the other rooms were often inlaid with filth; and whilst fires † blazed in the great chambers, hung with arras, the inferior officers were shivering with cold; and some of their attendants literally beggars.

"Among other statutes published in the 17th year of this reign, at Eltham, was one, by which it was enacted, that none but decent persons should be admitted into court service; that in future no ‡ rascal should be employed in any domestic capacity; and that the scullions of the kitchen should not be permitted to go naked. By another article, it was prohibited to § any of the King's

* See Nott's Life of Wyatt. The 'tresse of crisped gold' is a poetic license. The colour of Anne Boleyn's hair appears to have been a dark brown, as may be seen by a portrait taken of her by Holbein, still preserved in Warwick Castle.

† Coals were only allowed for the King, Queen, and Lady Mary's chambers.

‡ A rascal implied an illiterate vagrant; one who could not even repeat his Creed.

§ It was expressly stipulated, that the officers of the aquillery shall see silver and pewter

household to follow the King when he should go on his pastime, unless invited. By another article, obviously dictated by Henry's personal feelings, it is enacted, that in future none be admitted but persons of good demeanor, fashion, gesture, countenance, and stature, so as the King's house may be furnished with such as are tried, elect, and picked for the King's honor. To the privilege of maintenance, implied in the *house* of court, a comparatively small number of the palace inmates were admitted; but for the personal attendants both of the King and Queen, there was in general kept a plentiful table, and to the six maids of honor were allotted, a chet loaf and a manchet, a chine of beef, and a gallon of ale for breakfast.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Jacobite Relics of Scotland; being the Songs, Airs, and Legends, of the Adherents of the House of Stuart. Collected and illustrated, by James Hogg. Second Series. Edinburgh, 1821. 8vo. pp. 480.

This second and, we gather from several expressions, last volume of the Jacobite Relics within the plan of the editor, is in most respects similar to its precursor, which we vessels kept safe, (pewter vessels being then costly); and it is forbidden to the King's attendants to steal locks or keys from cupboards, or other articles of furniture out of noblemen's or gentlemen's houses where he goes to visit. The King's barber is enjoined to be cleanly, and by no means to frequent the company of misguided women, and idle persons. The Knight Marshal is directed to take good care that all such unthrifty and common women as follow the court be banished.

"King Henry," says Lloyd, "understood a man and a dish. Among the dainties which he relished, were, gigots of mutton or venison, stopped with cloves, chickens in crittury, larkes, sparrows, or lamb stued, with chimes of mutton, venison pasty; jelly hippocras, cream of almonds.

"Stabling was allowed to such of the Queen's gentlewomen as were peers' daughters. Seven messes of ladies dined at the same table in the great chamber; a chet loaf and manchet, ale and wine, beef and mutton, were supplied in abundance, with the addition of capons or hens, pigeons and conies. On fast days, salt salmon, salted eels, whittings, gurnet, plaice, and flounders; fruit was reserved for Lent; butter was always allowed in profusion.

"The Queen's table was furnished with more elegance, and with the additional delicacies of fricandes or custard, frythow or tartie; besides every delicacy of the season.

"The brewer is enjoined not to put hops of brimstone into the ale.

"A swan was five shillings, a capon eighteen-pence, pigeons eight-pence per dozen; a fat heron was eight-pence, a partridge four-pence, pullets three-pence each, conies two shillings per dozen; the stork, the bustard, and the crane, were then admitted to the table.

"A munificent provision of twenty-four loaves per day was made for the King's greyhounds, other dogs were banished the court, with the exception of spaniels kept for the ladies.

"A gift was allowed to whoever married, or made the King a present."

reviewed not very many weeks ago. It contains, however, such a proportion of modern songs, as mainly to disqualify it for the title of *Relics*; since we are at a loss to know how the compositions of Mr. Hogg, Mr. Cunninghame, and other writers of the present day can, with any propriety, be designated as the remains of Jacobitism! Of the pieces more appropriately introduced, the character is various. Some are indifferent, though, for other causes, they merit a place in a collection of this kind; some are extremely local, and only admissible for similar reasons; most are from Cromek, Burns, Moir, &c.; and a few are traditional, and now first published. When so many different versions, as those of the Jacobite airs, were afloat, it depended entirely on Mr. Hogg's judgment to select the most correct and genuine; and we are of opinion, that, with half a dozen exceptions, he has exercised his discretion properly. The humorous and the pathetic are fairly mingled; and upon the whole, we have an agreeable conserve of the perishing fruits of Stuart poetry. But Mr. Hogg is mistaken, if he imagines that he has exhausted the stock; we are acquainted with several excellent and remarkable songs, of which he has taken no notice. Of these we may soon insert an example or two in the Literary Gazette; and, in the interim, should be glad to learn from any of our northern readers, aught of a copy of entertaining verses, which compared the Scottish leaders to a party playing cards for a kingdom, and of which our memory retains scraps; *ex. gr.*

Argyle, who to play was not able,
So he shuffled the knave of trumps under the table.

Great Mar, in a passion, four shillings threw down,
But it wanted another to make up the crown.

We also remember some punning lines, beginning—

Cope could not cope wi' Charlie's men,
Nor Wade wade through the snow;

of which we should be very glad to have a perfect copy. But to return to Mr. Hogg. The dry humour of his droller specimens may be exemplified by the three concluding verses of "the Battle of Sheriffmuir."

So there such a race was as ne'er in that place was,

And as little chace was at a' man;
From each other they run without touk of drum,

They did not make use of a paw, man.

And we ran, &c.

Whether we ran, or they ran, or we ran, or they ran,

Or if there was wining at a' man,
There no man can tell, save our brave Genarell,

Who first began running of a' man.

And we ran, &c.

Wi' the earl o' Seaforth, and the cook o' the north;

But Florence ran fastest of a' man,
Save the laird o' Phinaven, who sware to be even

W' any general or peer o' them a', man.

And we ran, &c.

The following two verses are from the beautiful "Lament for the Lord Maxwell," in Cromek; but its antiquity is very problematical.

O was he to the hand whilk drew nae the glaive,
And cowed nae the rose frae the cap o' the brave!
To hae thri'en 'mang the Southrons as Scots-
men aye thrive,
Or ta'en a bloody nievefu' o' fame to the grave.
The glaive for my country I doughtna then
wield,
Or I'd cock'd up my bonnet wi' the best o' the
field;
The trowser should been coupit owre i' death's
gory fauld,
Or the leal heart o' some i' the swaird should
been cauld.

Fu' aughty summer shoots o' the forest hae I
seen,

To the saddle-laps in blade i' the battle hae I
been,

But I never kend o' dale till I kend it yearreen.

O that I were laid where the sods are growing
green!

I tint half mysel when my gude lord I did tane:
A heart half sae brave a braid belt will never
bin,

Nor the grassy sods e'er cover a bosom half sae
kin;

He's a drap o' dearest blude i' this said heart o'
mine.

The allusive nature of the subjoined, to the emblems of the Jacobites, recommends it for selection.

My love's a bonny laddie, an yon he be,
My love's a bonny laddie, an yon he be;
A feather in his bonnet, a ribbon at his knee:
He's a bonny bonny laddie, an yon he be.

There grows a bonny brier bush in our kail-
yard,

There grows a bonny brier bush in our kail-
yard,

And on that bonny brier bush there's twa roses
I lo'e dear,

And they're busy busy courting in our kail-yard.

They shall hing nae mair upon the bush in our
kail-yard,

They shall hing nae mair upon the bush in our
kail-yard;

They shall bob on Athol green, and there they
will be seen,

And the rocks and the trees shall be their safe-
guard.

O my bonny bonny flowers they shall bloom o'er
them a',

When they gang to the dancing in Carlisle ha',
Where Donald and Sandy, I'm sure, will ding
them a',

When they gang to the dancing in Carlisle ha'.

O what will I do for a lad when Sandy gangs
awa?

O what will I do for a lad when Sandy gangs
awa?

I will awa to Edinburgh, and win a penny fee,
And see gin my bonny laddie will fancy me.

He's coming frae the north that's to marry me,
He's coming frae the north that's to carry me;

A feather in his bonnet, a rose aboon his bree;
He's a bonny bonny laddie, an yon he be.

The "Macdonalds gathering," said to be literally from the Gaelic, and translated by a lady of Edinburgh (a Macdonell) is one of the most spirited and soul-stirring in the book.

Come along, my brave clans,
There's nae friends nae staunch and true;

Come along, my brave clans,
There's nae lads sae leal as you.

Come along, Clan-Donnall,

Frae 'mang your birks and heather braes;
Come with bold Macallister,
Wildier than his mountain races.

Gather, gather, gather,
From Loch Morer to Argyle;
Come from Castle Tuirim,
Come from Moidart and the Isles.
Macallan is the hero
That will lead you to the field.
Gather, bold Siollain,
Sons of them that never yield.

Gather, gather, gather,
Gather from Lochaber glens:
Mac-Hic-Rannail calls you;
Come from Taroph, Roy, and Spean.
Gather, brave Clan-Donuil,
Many sons of might you know;
Lenochan's your brother,
Aucterechtan and Glencoe.

Gather, gather, gather,
'Tis your prince that needs your arm:
Though Macconell leaves you,
Dread no danger or alarm.
Come from field and foray,
Come from sickle and from plough,
Come from cairn and corrie,
From deer-wake and driving too.

Gather, bold Clan-Donuil;
Come with haversack and cord;
Come not late with meal or cake,
But come with durk, and gun, and sword.
Down into the Lowlands,
Plenty bides by dale and burn.
Gather, brave Clan-Donuil,
Riches wait on your return.

Another, derived from the same language,
and forcibly verified by Mr. Hogg, deserves
to stand as a companion with the foregoing.

Callum-a-Glen.

Was ever old warrior of sun ring so weary?
Was ever the wild beast so bay'd in his den?
The Southern bloodhounds lie in kennel so near
me,
That death would be freedom to Callum-a-Glen.
My sons are all slain, and my daughters have
left me;
No child to protect me, where once there were
ten;
My chief they have slain, and of stay have bereft
me,

And woe to the gray hairs of Callum-a-Glen!
The homes of my kinsmen are blazing to heaven,
The bright sun of morning has blush'd at the
view;
The moon has stood still on the verge of the
even,

To wipe from her pale cheek the tint of the dew:
For the dew it lies red on the vales of Lochaber,
It sprinkles the rot, and it flows in the pen.
The pride of my country is fallen for ever!
Death, hast thou no shaft for old Callum-a-Glen?

The sun in his glory has look'd on our sorrow,
The stars have wept blood over hamlet and lea;
O, is there no day-spring for Scotland? no mor-
row

Of bright renovation for souls of the free?
Yes: one above all has beheld our devotion,
Our valour and faith are not hid from his ken.
The day is abiding of stern retribution
On all the proud foes of old Callum-a-Glen.

We feel an exquisite degree of tenderness
and simplicity in the next air, which sweet
old song has always been highly popular,
both in Scotland and England.

The sun rises bright in France,
And fair sets he;
But he has tint the blink he had
In my ain countrie.
It's nae my ain ruin
That weets aye my e'e,
But the dear Marie I left ahin',
Wi' sweet hairnies three.
Fu' beinly low'd my ain hearth,
And smil'd my ain Marie!
O I've left a' my heart behind,
In my ain countrie!
O I'm leal to high Heaven,
Which aye was leal to me;
And it's there I'll meet ye a' soon,
Frae my ain countrie.

We have not room to quote more of these
pathetic effusions, which are powerfully
affecting still, notwithstanding the terrible
stripping off of the romance attached to the
Stuart cause, by the recent publications of
Dr. King, and Memoirs of the Rebellion.
Neither will we enter upon the long ditty
entitled, "Cumberland's and Murray's Des-
cent into Hell;" though its Dante-like fiend-
ishness, mixed with a sort of infernal hu-
mour, renders it altogether an extraordinary
production.

The notes, which fill half the volume, con-
tain interesting views of the two rebellions—
we beg pardon—*risings*; and furnish anec-
dotes of parties concerned in these mistaken,
but in many instances, hallowed adventures.
A note, on the ballad of Young Maxwell,
may be cited in proof.

"The noble strength of character in this
ballad is only equalled by the following af-
fecting story:

"In the rising of 1745, a party of Cum-
berland's dragoons was hurrying through
Nithsdale in search of rebels. Hungry and
fatigued, they called at a lone widow's house,
and demanded refreshment. Her son, a lad
of sixteen, dressed them up *lang hale and
butter*, and the good woman brought new
milk, which she told them was all her stock.
One of the party inquired with seeming kind-
ness how she lived. 'Indeed,' quoth she,
'the cow and the kale yard, wi' God's bless-
ing's, a' my meilen.' He arose, and with his
sabre killed the cow, and destroyed all the
kale. The poor woman was thrown upon
the world, and died of a broken heart:—the
disconsolate youth, her son, wandered away
beyond the inquiry of friends or the search of
compassion. In the continental war, when
the British army had gained a great and sig-
nal victory, the soldiery were making merry
with wine, and recounting their exploits. A
dragoon roared out, 'I once starved a Scotch
witch in Nithsdale. I killed her cow, and
destroyed her greens; but,' added he, 'she
could live for all that on her God, as she
said!' 'And don't you rue it?' cried a young
soldier, starting up, 'Dont you rue it?' 'Rue
what?' said he, 'Rue aught like that!' 'Then,
by my God,' cried the youth, un-
sheathing his sword, 'that woman was my
mother! Draw, you brutal villain, draw.'
They fought; the youth passed his sword
twice through the dragoon's body, and, while
he turned him over in the throes of death,
exclaimed, 'had you rued it, you should have
only been punished by your God!'"

In the body of the work, there are one
hundred and ten songs, with the music score
to perhaps a moiety of them; to these is
added an appendix of twenty-five Jacobite
songs (chiefly modern—one by the author of
Waverley); and of an equal number of Whig
songs; but if the best of that kind, it must
be confessed, that their rivals had the rhyme,
if not the reason, on their side. We trans-
cribe one, which boasts the greatest share
of wit, as a sample.

O brother Sandie, hear ye the news?
Lillibulero, bullen a la,
An army's just coming without any shoes,
Lillibulero, bullen a la.
To arms, to arms, brave boys, to arms;
A true British cause for your courage doth
ca';
Court, country, and city, against a banditti,
Lillibulero, bullen a la.

The Pope sends us over a bonnie young lad, &c.
Who, to court British favour, wears a Highland
plaid, &c.

To arms, &c.

A Protestant church from Rome doth advance,
And, what is more rare, brings freedom from
France.
To arms, &c.

If this shall surprise you, there's news stranger
yet,
He brings Highland money to pay British debt.
To arms, &c.

You must take it in coin which the country
affords,
Instead of broad pieces, he pays with broad-
swords.

To arms, &c.
And sure this is paying you in the best ore,
To arms, &c.

Lillibulero, bullen a la.

For who once is thus paid will never want more,
Lillibulero, bullen a la.

To arms, to arms, brave boys, to arms;
A true British cause for our courage doth
ca';

Court, country, and city, against a banditti,
Lillibulero, bullen a la.

And now, having concluded our task, we
shall transfer the last verse of another Whig
descent to our columns; and as it is at least
as fit for 1821, as for 1746, we pray that it
may continue to be equally applicable for
many, many years.

On George may heaven increase its smiles,
Success his labours crown;
In peace may he possess these isles,
And hourly gain renown.
May sense of right, and solid bias,
Move generous hearts to sing,
In dutious homage justly his,
God prosper George our King.

Rome in the Nineteenth Century; &c. &c.
(Concluded from our last.)

The following extract partakes of the spi-
rit of both the animated and the pathetic,
exemplified in our preceding paper.

"A groupe of peasants, in grotesque and
highly picturesque costumes, were flocking
round the bronze statue of St. Peter, to give
it the pious salutation they had wandered
from their distant mountain homes to bes-
tow. Amongst them, a young mother with
a baby in her arms, was compelling an un-

willing and blubbering urchin, of five years old, to press his lips to the cold and uninviting toe; while the anxious maternal solicitude, painted on her brown ruddy countenance, spoke her deep sense of its importance to his eternal welfare, and her horror and affright at his ill-boding stubbornness.

"Round the distant confessionals, female penitents, clothed in black, and deeply veiled, were kneeling, whispering through the grate into the ear of their ghostly father, that tale of human guilt and misery no other mortal ear might hear. Their faces were concealed, but their figure and attitude seemed to express deep humiliation, grief, and compunction. The countenances of the confessors were various. Some fat, lethargic, and indifferent—expressed, and seemed capable of expressing—nothing. Others seemed to wear the air of attention, surprise, admonition, weariness, or impatience; but in one only could I trace the tenderness of compassion, and of gentle, yet impressive, rebuke.

"In striking contrast to this venerable old monk, was a cardinal, whose robe of state was carried by his train-bearer, and whose steps were followed by an immense retinue of servants. He was going round to all the altars in succession, and kneeling before them, to offer up his pompous prayers. The servants, dressed in sumptuous liveries, were on their knees behind; but some of them, growing tired of the length of his devotions, were in this posture making grimaces at each other, and cutting jokes, *sotto voce*; and one or two of them in the rear had got up again, when the cardinal's eye glanced round, and down they plumped, more deep in apparent prayer than ever.

"Near this princely priest, as near as they could get, were some wretched diseased cripples, covered with rags and filth, and crawling on their hands and knees over the marble pavement of this superb edifice, vainly demanding charity in the most abject terms of misery and supplication. One of these unfortunate wretches, finding his petitions disregarded, at last, at a distance and in silence, began to worship the same shrine, as if to implore from heaven that mercy which man had denied.

"How different were the motives that assembled so many human beings in the same place! Some were here from curiosity, like ourselves—others from piety, like the peasants—from penitence, like the confessants—from hypocrisy, like the cardinal—from want, like the beggars—from necessity, like the servants—from duty, like the priests—or from idleness, like the numbers of vacant-looking loiterers, who were strolling about.

"Some pilgrims, too, were among the supplicants of the manifold shrines, and it would be a curious task to analyse the motives that led them hither. They were chiefly young strong men, apparently from the lower classes of society, whose appearance certainly did not denote that they had suffered much from the hardships and privations of the way.

"Some of them were very fine-looking

* This is not very charitable.—*Ed.*

men. Their large black eyes, and expressive countenances, overshadowed by their broad brimmed hats; their oilskin tippets, cockle shells, scrip, rosaries, and staff, had to us a novelty that was poetical as well as picturesque. Some of them had come from the mountains of Spain, and seemed resolved to lay in a stock of indulgences to serve them the rest of their lives.

"Plenary indulgence and remission of sins, are liberally offered here on very easy terms. I was at first rather startled with the prodigal manner in which that full pardon of all transgressions, which the Gospel promises only as the reward of sincere repentance and amendment, was bestowed at Rome, in consideration of repeating certain prayers before the shrine of certain saints, or paying a certain sum of money to certain priests.

"I was surprised to find scarcely a church in Rome, that did not hold up at the door the tempting inscription of 'Indulgentia Plenaria.' Two hundred days indulgence I thought a great reward for every kiss bestowed upon the great black cross in the Coliseum; but that is nothing to the indulgences for ten, twenty, and even thirty thousands of years, that may be bought, at no exorbitant rate, in many of the churches; so that it is amazing what a vast quantity of treasure may be amassed in the other world with very little industry in this, by those who are avaricious of this spiritual wealth, into which, indeed, the dross of riches of this world may be converted, with the happiest facility imaginable.

"We are told, that 'it is easier for a camel to enter into the eye of a needle, than a rich man into the kingdom of heaven;' but, at Rome at least, it would seem to be difficult, nay, impossible, to keep a rich man out."

We shall add but one extract more, of another description, to these, with which we have sought to show the nature of this pleasing publication.

After relating the particulars of a nun's taking the veil, of the Franciscan order, in the Convent of St. Sylvestro, the following interesting tales of monastic distress are told—

"The history of one of the former nuns of this convent, as related to me by one of the sisters, is quite a romance, and in its most common-place style. Her name was Sasso Ferrato; she was left an orphan and an heiress in infancy, and placed by her uncle, her sole guardian, here, with the intention of inducing her to take the veil, that her

* You may buy as many masses as will free your soul from purgatory for 29,000 years, at the church of St. John Lateran, on the feast of that saint; at Santa Bibiana, on All Soul's Day, for 7,000 years; at a church near the Basilica of St. Paul, and at another on the Quirinal Hill, the names of both of which I have unluckily forgotten, for 10,000, and for 3,000 years, and at a very reasonable rate. But it is in vain to particularize—for the greater part of the principal churches in Rome and the neighbourhood, are spiritual shops for the sale of the same commodity.

fortune might descend to him, and, to his family. It happened, however, that, at one of the grand processions of the Virgin, which the nuns were assembled to behold, the young Sasso Ferrato saw, and was seen by the captain of the guards, stationed at the convent, a younger son of the Guistiniani family, and a brother of one of her youthful companions in the convent. His visits to his sister became very frequent, and Sasso Ferrato generally contrived to accompany her friend on those occasions. They became desperately in love; but the cruel uncle refused his consent, and by arts which intimidated the young and inexperienced mind of Sasso Ferrato, by powerful interest, which rendered the complaints of her lover vain, and by his authority, as the representative of her parents, he succeeded in obliging her to take the veil. She only lived two years afterwards.

"Her lover became a maniac, and after being confined for some time, continued, during the remaining years of his life, to roam about the neighbourhood of the city, his hair and beard growing wild, his dress neglected, and his manners gloomy and ferocious, though harmless in his actions.

"A still more horrible catastrophe ensued at a convent in the north of Italy. An unfortunate girl, whose father was resolved to compel her to take the veil, contrary to her inclination, persisted for a long time in her refusal, but was treated with such dreadful brutality at home, that at length she consented; but no sooner had she pronounced her vows, than she requested a private interview with her father at the grate of the convent; and when left alone with him, killed herself before his eyes, cursing him with her latest breath.

I am informed that young nuns often fall in love with young friars, but that the attachment is perfectly Platonic. Indeed, so strict are now the rules of female monastic life, that I believe it must necessarily be so. But Love, it is well known, will break through bolts and bars, and grates and convent walls; and Love once inspired a nun with the project of getting out of her convent through a common sewer, which however unsavoury a path, she frequently practised after night had covered the world with her sable curtain, and wrapped the peaceful sisterhood in the arms of Morpheus. Her nun's dress was deposited in her chamber, and the exterior dirty garment, with which she passed through the sewer, was exchanged for one her lover wrapped her in at its mouth. She used to walk with him sometimes for hours, but always returned to her convent before the dawn. One evening, however, on returning from her romantic ramble by moonlight, what was her horror to find the sewer—the well-known passage—completely choked up with water, and all entrance impracticable. Discovery would bring certain destruction on herself and her lover. Their lives would be the forfeit, or a solitary dungeon their mildest doom. Concealment was impracticable; for who would harbour them? Flight impossible; for without passports, the gates of the city

would be closed against them; and could they scale the walls, no other would be open to them. In this situation, the courage and presence of mind of the nun saved them both. She went, dressed in her lover's clothes, to the house of the Cardinal Vicario, who was an old friend of her father's; disturbed the family; had the Cardinal roused out of bed on the plea of the most urgent and important business; obtained a private audience, threw herself at his feet, and confessed all. So earnestly did she implore him to save her and her family from the public disgrace of an exposure, that, melted by her tears, he followed the plan she suggested; ordered his carriage, took her, and one confidential chaplain on whose fidelity he could rely, drove to the convent, rang up the portress, and pretending he had received information of a man having entered and being concealed in it, demanded instant admittance to search it, which, in virtue of his office, could not be refused at any hour. He ordered the terrified sisters to remain in their rooms, and having dropped the disguised nun in here, proceeded in his mock examination till she had disrobed herself, and his attendants had conveyed away the bundle of her clothes; then professing himself perfectly satisfied that the information he had received was false, he left the convent, taking care, however, next day, to have the sewer so closed, that it could never serve for any thing but a passage for dirty water again.

"The most severe of the female monastic orders, is that of Santa Theresa, in which its unfortunate votaries are doomed to unceasing midnight vigils and daily fasts; to penance, austerity, and mortification, in every possible form; while all intercourse with their friends, all indulgence of the sweet affections of nature, are as sedulously interdicted as if these were crimes of the blackest dye. It is the great merit of their lives, that death is to be continually before their eyes,—continually present to their thoughts.—

"There is in Rome a convent, called, and justly called, the *Sepolto Vivo**, in which are buried contumacious, or fanatic nuns, from all convents—females condemned by the Inquisition for too little, or too much religion—and wives and daughters, whose husbands and fathers have the means to prove they deserve, or the interest to procure the order for such a dreadful punishment. Instances have occurred, where mere resistance to the will of a parent, or causeless jealousy conceived by a husband, has been followed by this horrible vengeance. What may pass within its walls can never be known; none but its victims may enter, and none of them may quit it. They see no human being, excepting once a year, when, in the pretence of the abbess, they may have an interview with their father or mother; but they must not tell the secrets of their prison-house. They hear no tidings of the

* It is near the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, and there were about forty unfortunate females immured in it when I was in Rome.

world that surrounds them, nor even know when the friends dearest to them are removed by death.

"I have been much interested in the fate of a poor nun, who, in the exaltation of a heated imagination, lately fancied herself inspired by heaven, and destined to convert sinners to repentance. The tribunal of the Inquisition has decided that her claims to inspiration are unfounded, and though it appears that she was a fanatic, not an impostor, they have thrown her into this horrible tomb, whither—if it be the fit punishment for all holy cheats—I think its members might all go themselves.

"By far the least exceptionable species of nunnery here, is that of the *Tor de Specchi*, where a company of respectable women, chiefly widows, of small fortune, live together, and lead a rational, regular, and religious life, without binding themselves by any vows, but obey certain rules, and are under the direction of a Superior, who is elected by themselves, and only holds her office for a limited period. They wear a uniform dress; have the power to go out, with certain restrictions; and are much more free and independent, in all respects, than any other similar community. They may leave it if they choose. Such an institution as this in our own country, would be a most respectable and comfortable asylum for unprotected unmarried women, and widows of small fortune. These ladies also educate children.

"I forgot to mention, that in the month of May, there are few convents in which the nuns do not enjoy the privilege of going out in a body in coaches into the country, where they dine and spend the day at the house, and with the female friends of the Superior, or some of the sisters. Some convents have both a whole and a half holiday; others only the latter. I often met them last spring in their annual festivals, and it was delightful to see their countenances of almost anxious joy, and the wild astonished eagerness with which they gazed on the houses, the passengers, the carriages, the fields, the trees, the fair face of Nature, and the interdicted figure of man.

"It is very common among the higher orders of both sexes in Rome, to retire into a convent for a few days or a week, (generally Passion week,) of every year, to practise prayer and penance, during which period they strictly conform to the rules of the community, and not unfrequently increase the austerity of their fasts and vigils; not to mention hearing four sermons a day."

FLOOD'S CORRESPONDENCE, &c.

(Concluded from our last.)

A preceding letter, from the same hand, from which our last quotation was taken (Lord Charlemont's), gives a masterly view of the question of a popular man's accepting office; and from it we select a few passages.

"In the first place, (says Lord C.) I must suppose, that in taking office, as in every other circumstance of your public life, your first and principal aim and object would be to do your country service. * A

powerful party coming in all together, may possibly be of service; yet not from their offices, but from their strength in Parliament; the only power that can give any real influence towards thwarting or defeating the evil designs of an Irish administration. But it may be said that, though political power be not absolutely conferred by office, yet, as a confidential approach to the minister is naturally obtained by it, there will be an opportunity for the salutary operation of good advice; and noxious measures may by this means be so tempered as to be rendered less hurtful, or possibly innocent. In speculation this may appear plausible; but I am sorry to say that facts and experience uniformly declare against it."

"I have hitherto supposed that the patriot, even under the baleful shade of court influence, will yet remain a patriot, and that the wholesome herb, though transplanted into a poisonous soil, will still retain, unimpaired, its salutary qualities. But are we sure of this? A man may no doubt accept of office with the best and purest intentions; and that this would be your case I am more than confident. But what preservative can secure us against political contagion? What strength and soundness of constitution could justify a man for venturing into a climate poisoned by the plague? Let us, for a moment, suppose a Sidney, a Hampden, a Flood in office. Their intentions will no doubt still continue unaltered; but will their judgments remain unwarped? Unknown to themselves, their sentiments, their opinions will change; they will view objects through a different medium, and instead of looking at all Court measures with suspicion, as every Patriot ought to do, they will see them in their most advantageous light; instead of searching for latent mischief, they will labour to discover some barely possible good; and should the evil be too conspicuous to be concealed even from their clouded sight, still they will endeavour to palliate it, and will frame to themselves excuses which their unbiassed judgment would spurn at. The measure, to be sure, is bad, but then opposition is dangerous; who knows in what evils the Country may be involved? Some time or other Government will have it in its power to carry this measure, and why not as well now? They who oppose it, oppose from interested considerations; and shall I join in serving them and in carrying their schemes into execution? Should I now fly off, it might be attributed to levity, or perhaps to pique and disappointment. The Ministry, too, have obliged me, and I must be grateful; (for in this case the reverse of Mandeville's proposition is sometimes true, and private virtues may become public nuisances;) besides, some equivalent may hereafter be obtained, and by serving Government now I may possibly have it in my power to serve my Country hereafter. These, and a thousand such flimsy arguments, will be apt to occur; and certain evil will be committed under the wretched pretence, and with a precarious view to a barely possible good. But such narcotics applied to the conscience will have the natural effect

of all opiates; they will stupify while they lull, and by degrees all feeling will be lost. An honest man may say to himself, I will accept of Office, but I will retain it no longer than is consistent with my duty to my Country; and by a timely resignation I shall gain more credit than I should do if I remain unplaced, which might be attributed to inability of procuring Office. This, too, is specious; but, alas! and experience has taught us, that, of all duties, that of timely resignation is the most difficult. A man upon 2000*l.* a year may live well and happily; double his income, he will live more sumptuously, though perhaps not more happily. But can he return to that state, which, though affluent, will then appear to him poverty? Facilis descensus Avernæ, sed revocare gradum, hoc opus, hic labor est? If this be really the case, and that it is so the experience of ages has taught us, what good man would venture to fill his mind with Office, or would throw himself into temptation merely for the chance of being able to resist it?"

To season these grave reflections, we shall now quote a ludicrous political speculation, of the same noble lord's:

"Who the devil is to be our Lord Lieutenant? the Devil, I suppose; for they have been gradually growing worse and worse. Old Nick, who would be, at least, more entertaining than Old Simon, possesses many talents which would particularly fit him for the office of Viceroy. He lives warm—an excellent ingredient!—He is an old hand at temptation, and seldom fails in gaining a majority. He is, besides, so well with the Ministry, that he would no doubt come over with very extensive powers. As to a Secretary, he could hardly fail of meeting one to his mind; and Macartney, in her quality of Witch, might still retain her auspicious influence. Dublin is as empty as possible, and in proportion stupid."

With this we shall close our extracts from Lord Charlemont, of whom these letters have given us a very exalted opinion. From those of the Duke of Chandos, we shall commence with his Grace's ideas respecting the furious scene in the Irish Parliament, between Grattan and Flood, in 1783. In November, he thus writes of himself and Duchess:

"We are most thoroughly convinced that you have been most grossly, maliciously, and enviously attacked and insulted by Mr. G., which nothing can justify, and whose conduct must be reprobated by every one breathing, possessed either of good sense or honour. You have acted like a man of honour and feeling in consequence of his ill usage; and to take any farther steps, particularly after what passed in the House of Commons afterwards, would throw down the censure of rashness on yourself. You are amply possessed of the sentiments of the House, by their not suffering him to reply to you; that alone was a full and most honourable justification of you; and the severest censure upon him. It is from these reasons that we do most earnestly intreat you to pursue this business no further; and

we shall be under the cruellest anxiety till we receive an assurance from you to that effect. I intreat you to be persuaded that I feel for your honour, as much as I could for my own, and nothing should induce me to join in this request, was I not convinced in my own mind that you have received and done every thing becoming a Man of the nicest honour, and such satisfaction, that, in your circumstances, I should be most perfectly satisfied with. His conduct has been that of an assassin, an assassin for Government, who, I suppose, is to pay him. Unprovoked as he was, there is but one way to answer for his conduct. There is but one opinion here relative to the shameful business; and whatever glosses hiring writers may put upon his outrage, no man of honour or common sense can have any other than what I have imputed to him above." And three days later, "To corroborate the opinion I took the liberty of giving you in my last, I have the satisfaction of finding every body in the same way of thinking; and this morning at the Leves it was much talked of, and his Majesty expressed his astonishment at the violence. Every body exclaims at the Speaker's suffering Members to run such lengths. Believe me, as an honest man, your honour and character stand perfectly clear in this country; the attack appears malicious, unprovoked, and unjust, as it is untrue: I do flatter myself that you will see the business in the light I wish, and in which all others behold it."

A letter from the same of the 18th, is worthy of being transcribed entire as an epistolary curiosity, but we have only room for two extracts more, and these we make on account of their literary character. In September 1787, Lord Charlemont thus notices Ossian's Poems.

"I did, it is true, forget to mention in my last letter the discovery which has been made with regard to Ossian, which however is not, I believe, of that importance which you seem to suppose. Doctor Young, one of the most ingenious, learned, and amiable men now existing, in a tour to the North of Scotland, and to the Hebrides, obtained in manuscript several Erse Ballads, of which he has given a literal translation: from parts of these ballads it is clear that McPherson has taken many passages in his poem, though so strangely altered, and bedaubed with ornament, so swollen with bombast, and disfigured by figures, that their simple origin is barely cognizable. One circumstance is, however, whimsical and curious, that wherever Ireland is mentioned, as it frequently is, the Caledonian has taken care to put Scotland in its place. These translations, with a short dissertation, in which not a word is said against the Pseudo-Ossian, will be published in our Transactions; and indeed, though their antiquity be certainly not very remote, you will, I think, find them both curious and amusing, as well from the simple poetic beauties of some, as from the oddity and whimsicality of others."

The following is an ode to Fame, by Mr. Flood, privately printed, and appended to the volume as a specimen of his poetical abilities

(as his speech in 1790 on Parliamentary reform, with which we do not meddle, is given as a sample of his oratory).

O mighty Fame!

Thou for whom Cæsar, reckless, fought;
And Regulus his righteous suffering sought;
What can the sense of mortals tame,
And Nature's deepest murmurings hush,
That thus on Death they rush?
That horror thus and anguish they controul,
Touched by thy airy power, that lifts the daring soul?

2.

The Indian on the burning iron bound,
By busy torturers compassed round,
Beholds thee, and is pleased;
And, with a towering frenzy seized,
Tells them they know not how to kill;
Demands a torment fit for men to feel,
And dictates some fierce pang, some more enormous wound.

3.

The female spirit, still,
And timorous of ill,
In softest climes, by thy commanding will,
Dauntless can mount the mournful pyre,
Where a dead husband waits the funeral fire.
No unbecoming human fear
The exalted sacrifice delays;
In youth, in beauty's flowing year,
Serenely, she mingles with the blaze,
Beholds, unmoved, the gazer's bosoms heave,
And takes, without a tear, her consecrated leave.

4.

The hall of Odin rang—
Amidst the barbarous clang
Of boastful chiefs and dire alarms,
The warrior hears thy magic cry,
Thundering, "To arms, to arms."
Struck by the sound, behold him fly
O'er the steep mountain's icy bar,
And drive before him Shout and Pain,
And slaughter mad, the dogs of war;
Then, of his bootless trophies vain,
Back to the hall of Death return,
And brood upon the name which his wide ruins earn.

5.

The orator renowned,
Foe to tyrannic outrage blind,
At whose dread voice stood Macedon astounded,
What moved his mighty mind?
He saw the Grecian genius braved,
And his own Athens half enslaved;
Beset by wroes,
By base, domestic, treasonous foes,
And overwhelmed by arms;
Amidst these congregated harms,
He meditates the proud relief of death;
And, whilst the future he surveys,
Thus burst into prophetic breath:

"My deeds shall sound

Through all the wondering nations round,
Wherever Freedom's honours shall be found,
And all my present ills shall be by Fame overpaid."

6.

Long on the watery waste Columbus hung,
When Nature now, with boding tongue,
Seemed to pronounce his doom!
Famine smote the blasted crew—
Portentous tides beneath him flow—
Horrid the astonished card withdrew:
And rushing to an untrod grave,
Dperate, he seemed the abyss to brave
Of Ocean's wild, immeasurable womb.

7.

Requied, at length, from Ruin's ways,
In vain Iberia's thankless shore he sought,

And a new world in triumph brought,
 Envy, her slanders loudly brays;
 His godlike toil, a ruffian train betrays.
 Pensive he paused—dejected for mankind,
 And half his lofty thought resigned;
 When Glory beamed upon his mind,
 And bade him ne'er bow down to sleep,
 Till o'er the vast Atlantic deep
 His sails adventurous he again unfurled,
 And snatched a deathless name from his recovered world.

Brief is the frame of mortal birth:
 Wherefore the unsubmitting mind
 Less brooks to pass forgotten into earth;
 And, whilst to anxious doubt inclined,
 It longs for some ethereal scope
 Whereon to rest the aspiring hope,
 FAME cries from heaven, "Be brave;
 Dare greatly, and thy name shall live,
 And thou upon the tongues of men survive,
 Though death should shut thee up in an eternal grave."

Hence that unquenched lust,
 In noblest minds the noblest deeds to dare;
 That, should they sink in dust,
 Their memory may renounce this fleeting doom;
 And, shaking off the tomb,
 May wander through the living air,
 And traverse earth with their renown,
 And eternize their date by an immortal crown.

Mine and Mahouts.

OR AFTER DINNER CHIT-CHAT.

By a Cockney Grey Beard.

A Night at Garrick's.

(Concluded from our last.)

"Well, sir, (said Johnson,) and hast thou profited so little by experience in the schools, as not to have discovered that there is no effect without an efficient cause?"—"Why, I see no cause for that," said Goldsmith, pettishly. "But thou hast no prescription that may prevent another from seeing," retorted Johnson; and then smiling at the conceit, added, "Why, sir, as long as the hearts of your countrymen are superior to their heads, men will continue to laugh." "You are pleased to be severe upon my countrymen, (said Goldsmith,) and so good evening to you, madam;" then turning to Johnson, "Sir, I don't understand your compliment." "Perhaps not," said the Doctor. "Why, worthy Noll, (said Wilson,) surely you got up with the buckle of your girdle behind, this morning—what ails thee man?" This old-fashioned adage produced a laugh to poor Goldsmith's confusion; when, collecting himself, he burst out—"I see, I see Doctor—I do, I do take it as a compliment." "No, sir," said Johnson, moved by his artlessness, "no, sir, it is no compliment to you. For nature, in forming thy heart, hath not neglected thy head. So sit thee down, Oliver," offering his hand at the same time, "and be at peace, man." Poor Goldsmith brightened up, and was quite himself again.

"Come young lady, (said Wilson,) doubtless you have begged of Flora, or Pomona, some symbol for the poet." "What next," said Goldsmith, all in a flutter. "O! no

mischief, sir, (said Mrs. Garrick,) only that some pretty misses have been likening our friends to plants, and fruits, and flowers." "Very pretty! madam, (said Goldsmith,) I like the thought—a delicate conceit. 'Fruits and flowers,' (said he,) 'O! I presume then that the shamrock is to be my crown.' Then suddenly correcting himself—"I don't mean shamrock, that's neither fruit nor flower.—Ah," smiling his own forehead, "there is the poor Irishman's head again," and laughed most good humouredly at his own blunder. "What thinkest thou of *noli me tangere*?" said Wilson, smiling; "let us submit it to the ladies." "That is Latin, I presume, (said Miss—) may I beg a translation, sir?" addressing herself to Dr. Johnson. "Why, my dear young lady, (said Johnson, pausing,) that is a sentence from the Holy Scripture, perhaps improperly applied to a plant. The saying of our Lord, to Mary his mother, in the garden.—I hope you read that sacred book." "I do, sir," said the maiden, blushing at the question, adding, with graceful modesty, "and I humbly trust, sir, with reverence for its precepts." "Bless thee, dearest," said the pious doctor, taking her gently by the hand, "bless thee my child, and may thy fair symbol be the spotless lily, clothed in purity to blossom in eternity!"

"I have forgotten the resemblances of many," said my old friend; "but if my memory serves me, Goldsmith pressed her for his, and the lively girl likened him to the passion flower, of all the painted garden, Flora's pride! wrap'd in a frumpish hood at *even tide*. The prompt allusion gained her great applause. She was a charming, witty little puss," said my friend. "Sterne she likened to the sensitive plant, that shrunk into itself with more than earthly feeling." And now for Dr. Johnson's miss, if you will favour us," said Goldsmith.

"May I take the liberty, sir," said she, looking at the wise man. "Why not, dear? (said Johnson;) certainly, by all means." She seemed to stand in awe, as though it were prophane to make the moralist the subject of her innocent playfulness. We were all attention. "We likened you, sir, then, to an aloe;" and with a faltering voice, added, "as a lofty plant, whose glorious head, raised towards Heaven, adorns creation but once in a hundred years!" Johnson was silent for awhile; then bowing to the ladies, gallantly said, "Ah! shall we be forgiven for thus banishing the gentle sex from our lordly presence? Ladies, we must henceforth learn to sacrifice at the altar of the graces, and become men again, by emulating the nobler knights of old!"

CHAP. XXI.

Old Exeter Exchange.

My uncle Zachary's face-reading faculty has been noticed before, and if an additional instance were wanting in aid of his reputation on the success of his physiognomical talent, it might be given in his remarks, the first time he saw old John Clarke, whom I well remembered soon after he opened his shop

in that original Bazaar, Exeter Exchange. His stock consisted chiefly of walking canes, sticks, and whips. In those days almost every article of furniture or ornament was a subject of connoisseurship. Sticks, canes, and snuff-boxes were especially objects of first rate import, the merits of which were usually descanted on by the polite and learned frequenters at Wills', Button's, Nando's, and Tom's. My uncle was universally acknowledged to be as deeply skilled in caneology as any one, Doctor Arbuthnot not excepted, whose science on important questions was quoted even after his death; for his collection of the various headed sticks and canes, from the time of the first Charles, taken together, was unrivalled. One in particular of this ill-fated sovereign, doubtless some yet alive may remember, as Monsey, to whom it was bequeathed, exhibited it to all comers. It was cut from Boscobel oak, by Wilt Pendrill, carved by Grinlin Gibbons, and the leather tassel was curiously platted by the queen mother, of strips cut from the woodman's jacket that Charles II. wore after his escape from Worcester, which leather jerkin was poor Will's! My uncle excelled him in Malacca dragons, and was nearly on a par with him on the score of lambees; but in carved heads, gold, ivory, and amber, no one could produce half the variety of the doctor's. Arbuthnot certainly possessed the best Tom Coryate; but old Zachary's was as certainly the finest Fanny Joe; it was almost above price. The proprietor of Don Saltero's offered him any ten articles

* Exeter Change. This place received its name from being built on the site of the old mansion house of the Earls of Exeter. It was erected for the purposes of trade, and consists of three floors. The upper apartments, which are spacious, have been the scenes of many interesting exhibitions, which will be noticed. In the ancient plans of London, the original house covered a large space, and had its quadrangles, and towers with turrets, in the style of Burleigh House.

† Thomas Coryate, a famous English traveller, who visited almost all parts of the world on foot. He was remarkably ugly, and a great humourist; hence his *phiz* was perpetuated, among other means, by carved heads for walking sticks. The whimsical titles which he chose for his books, over and above his other oddities, made him famous. One in particular, "Crudities Hastily Gobbled up in Five Months Travels, &c." was much read. He was a learned man, and piqued himself upon his superior talent, in out-scolding a Centoo woman, the greatest shrew in India, in her mother tongue.

‡ Fanny Joe, a humourist, a half-witted fellow, who, in the beginning of the last century, was allowed by the sheriffs (such was the strangeness of the age,) to ride, smoking his pipe, on the copts of the carts, which conveyed the criminals from Newgate to Tyburn. This custom he continued for many years, to the amusement of the crowd that were accustomed to attend the processions to the place of execution. § Don Saltero's, a tavern so called in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, originally kept by a favourite servant of Sir Hans Sloane. In the first floor was a collection of natural and artificial curiosities, which was augmented by presents from travellers. This was long a place of resort for

in his museum for this, over and above the petrified wig; but nothing would have induced him to part with the treasure. As an instance of his obliging disposition, however, it should be recorded, that, unknown to the landlord, he begged his friend Roubilliac to make a mould from it, and the plaster cast—a unique (for the mould was immediately broken); Hogarth coloured it, and it was sent as a present to the civil landlord. This being a fac-simile, drew additional custom to the house.

My Uncle Zachary happened to call on his old friend Mr. Hodsoll, and there, (I think it was in the year 1769,) the worthy banker and Dr. Hoadley were disputing about a *lusus naturee*, cut from the root of a yew, bearing a most extraordinary resemblance to William and Mary. All the cognoscenti of the town were flocking to see it. Hodsoll maintained it to be a cheat; "You are not aware of the tricks and frauds of these stick-men," said he. Hoadley, on the contrary, contended, that it was the work of nature. "Come, Hardcastle, (said he,) let us go and see it, and pray do you be umpire." "O (said the banker,) I will be governed by his opinion." So calling for his wig, he took off his black velvet cap, and putting on his roqueleire, in half a minute they were in Exeter Exchange, just as a synod of cronies were in high convocation, with poor John Clarke in the midst, perplexed with a hundred scientific questions on stick dilletantship, of Jambes, Whangees, Penang-lawyers, clouded dragons, bamboos, rattans, and supple-jacks; which to him, good man, were as outlandish as Persian or Hindostanee. "One thing struck me," said my uncle, namely, "the honest countenance of the shop-keeper." Clarke had a number of other sticks of grotesque shapes, with curious heads; but such was his candour, that every one that had been assisted with the carving tool, he admitted without the least reserve. "I moreover remember a *jeu d'esprit* of the worthy trader, (said my uncle,) when we were satisfied that the two-headed yew was a genuine *lusus naturee*, which made the grave synod laugh. Be it known, the stick was painted and varnished. "I pronounce it to be an *ask*," said Mr. Chauncey, tracing its ramifications with his nose close upon every part; "And I am determined upon its being a cedar," said Dr. Hoadley: "And I have not the least shadow of doubt of its being a yew," said Mr. Hodsoll—"Come, Clarke, what do you say on the subject?" "Why, (said he, smiling, and rubbing his hands,) if I must give my opinion, gentlemen,—why then it is neither one nor t'other—it is a very large W." This stroke of humour was reported to the club; when my uncle took occasion to observe,— "Mark my words, that is an honest man, and I doubt not he will prosper." This prognostic has been amply verified, all "London to wit!"

Very different was the appearance of Exeter the virtuosi, and continued so until within the last twenty-five years, when the collection was sold—most of the subjects of natural history being moth-eaten, or otherways decayed.

ter 'Change then and now; for like other depots of merchandize, the general face of things there has mightily improved in half a century. Many articles exhibited on the crowded stalls, within memory, would puzzle the grown girls and boys of eighteen hundred and twenty-one to discover their uses, and would beget as much hypothesis as is usual with a group of virtuosi, peering at an unknown antique utensil, newly discovered in rummaging an old buried Grecian town. Long spiral machines, for frosting the hair, various other powdering puffs, toupes, braids and wired cushions, braiding pins twelve, yea, fourteen inches long, crimping and other irons of every denomination, and leather rollers for the beaux' curls. These, and many more now forgotten, to metamorphose the flowing locks of fine ladies and polite gentlemen into formal figures of fashion, that would excite those of only twenty years growth, to laugh at as whimsical figures of fun. Not even the grotesque head dresses of the broadest farce, on the present stage, can compare in absurdity with the outrageous deformity of a tortured head of hair of the belles and beaux coeval with their grandmothers. And yet certain cynical remnants of the old school, will hold forth by declaiming against the vanities of the young folks of the present day. "No, no," said my old friend the doctor, in defending the new generation against the assertions of a sour greybeard, when we were discussing the topic on Christmas day:—"No, no, I would have those who hold your opinion, to refer to Jack J. Collet's, St. James' Park, in 1745. Your dandies I know only by report," said the doctor; "for I hear that ephemeral folly is gone by: but with reference to the dyes of Collet, and he was no exaggerator, the fopperies of young men of fashion—aye, and old ones too, outrages all comparison with the manly, decorous garb of the existing day. And as for the fair, said the worthy doctor, who is a bachelor he it known, Sir, they come from the toilette, attired with the elegance of the graces, and the modesty of the muses. These are the pure models, that Sir Joshua should have lived to transmit to future times."

It was at the East gate of Exeter Change, that I became acquainted with that original wag, William Thomson, being directed thither by Michael Arne, to buy a copy of Blow's Anthems. Arne gave me so curious a description of the facetious music-seller, that I was desirous of having a gossip with him in his comfortable stall.

|| John Collett, a gentleman of independent fortune, was the pupil of Lambert. He designed pieces of humour somewhat in imitation of Hogarth; "Less satirical than narrative, more ludicrous than witty, and oftentimes displeasing without conveying any moral instruction." It is remarkable that, notwithstanding the broad humour displayed in his pictures, (vide, *The Female Bruiers*, two prostitutes boxing, surrounded by a characteristic mob,) he was yet a man, even among his intimates, of grave manners and sober discourse. Collett resided for many years at Chelsea, much respected, and died there in the year 1780.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

(Concluded from No. 11.)

This extraordinary woman, we are told, united to the most perfect beauty of features and figure, a mind stored with all the accomplishments of the age. Her masculine intellect was adorned with truly feminine vivacity of wit, and graceful sportive humour. She loved conversation, and always found the neatest expression, and most appropriate term, for what she wished to say. The true secret of that undefinable charm which floated around her was, that though fully conscious of all her varied powers of pleasing, she never appeared to make any extraordinary claim to admiration, or to be engaged with any secret plots of conquest. She seemed well satisfied with the certainty she possessed, that it was in her power, to make of any mortal a god, and of any wise man a fool, whenever the whim seized her. Yet with all these uncommon qualities, Laïs seems to have had no heart for love. But she was capable of the sincerest friendship, when a character worthy of her esteem presented itself. Aristippus was such an one. His mind was deeply and thoroughly devoted to the acquirement of knowledge and self-improvement; hers was ever agitated by fear, detestation, and contempt of the matronly condition, and resolved not to submit to the servile drudgery and hopeless slavery of a Grecian housewife. Both parties were therefore by no means inclined to sacrifice their respective pursuits and inclinations to one exclusive passion, which, in all probability would have rendered abortive the plans of the one, and realized the terrors of the other. She resolved to renounce honorable rank among the females of her country, and to purchase, at that price, the alluring freedom of seeking happiness in her own way, and rendering happy all who might succeed in gaining her esteem and confidence; for beyond that she was determined to admit no human being.

The intercourse between two beings whose views were so similar, and whose self-possession seemed so perfect, appeared to have little danger in it to either party, though it abounded to pleasure to both. Time slipped on, and thirty days elapsed at Aegina, ere our Aristippus was aware that as many hours had flown away. His Socratic friends at Athens were alarmed at this desertion of the philosophic standard, and he thought it expedient to justify his conduct. In a letter to his old friend, Antisthenes, he complains that Socrates had for some time past visibly withdrawn his confidence from him. He could not be ignorant of the reason of this; and must have known, that besides the strong propensity of his mind to unite on all occasions the *Utile dulci*, his habits of thought were much too independent to submit to the Socratic leading strings so long after he had out-grown them. Notwithstanding his noble birth, and luxurious Cyrenean education,

† Cyrene was noted for its luxury among the Greek colonies.

he found little difficulty in accommodating himself to the discipline imposed upon him.

"At Athens," says he, "I have lived upon two or three oboli a day, as well as any other person; yet I cannot see that I am under any obligation at all times, and in all places, to live just so and no otherwise; nor do I comprehend why a single short mantle, without any under garment, should be considered the exclusive garb of philosophy. While I lived upon lentil porridge and salt-fish, I did not consider myself a better man than under other circumstances I should have been; nor do I now, with a dinner before me which costs from 80 to 100 drachmæ, look upon myself as a bit the worse on that score. If then I have brought myself to that point, that no mode of life can come amiss; that I can live in superfluity without spontaneity and dissipation, and in poverty without disturbing the equanimity of my temper, or degrading my character, I think I shall have attained to every thing that a rational being can expect from himself." To the charge of deserting his duty, and disregarding the claims of his country in pursuit of pleasure he answers thus: "I am a free-born being; and though by chance a citizen of Cyrene, that does not make me the slave of Cyrene. I am by birth a member of the great society of man; and within this extensive metropolis, Cyrene is but a single dwelling." His ample fortune, he considered as imposing upon him the duty of living as a citizen of the world; that is to say, without confining himself to any particular society among mankind, but as a man among men, to make himself as useful and as agreeable to them as he might be able. In vindication of his connexion with Laïs, he observes, that true it is—"she is an Hætera, just in the same respects as Corinna, Sappho, and Aspasia (before Pericles made her his wife), were Hæteras."—"To me, she is what nature, cultivation, and the prodigal gifts of all the muses and graces, have made her." "It were unreasonable to expect that I, whose occupation it is to study mankind and myself, in every relation in which they and I may stand towards each other, should neglect such an opportunity. Excuse me, my friends, if in this instance I rather follow the guidance of my own genius, than your opinions or prejudices. This will in all probability not be the last time I shall have occasion to do so. Be not anxious, lest this Circe should succeed in chaining me down to her side, or in changing me into—one of the companions of Odysseus." Three days hence Laïs returns to Corinth, and Aristippus commences his tour to the Cyclades.

Socrates considered this declaration of Aristippus as a renunciation of his discipline and tuition. His remarks upon it are too characteristic to be omitted, even at the risk of exceeding your limits. "Aristippus—"

"This dress was adopted by the pupils of Socrates, rather in imitation of their master, than by his express directions."

"Alluding to the metamorphosis of the companions of Ulysses into swine, the emblem of impurity, and unrestrained sordid indulgence of the animal passions."

said he, "is strong enough to walk alone, and seems to know his road so well, that he stands in need neither of leader nor guide. If Cyrene makes no claim upon him, (and of that there is little danger,) I see no reason why he should not do quite as well as a citizen of the world as any other fowl of the air, which perches upon the trees is likes best, and has, in other respects, little to do but to beware of traps and bird-limed twigs. The matter stands otherwise with us Athenians. We are by birth citizens of Athens, and are connected with the rest of the world by no other tie. What may be your opinion, Critobulus, (abruptly turning round and addressing the latter,) upon this subject? Do you too think it so light a matter to disengage yourself from your duties towards your country?"

"Critobulus. I neither can nor ought to do so as long as I live in Athens, and receive benefits at her hands."

"Socrates. May you not by possibility be under engagements to Athens, which absolutely prohibit your living elsewhere, without her permission?"

"Critobulus was a little startled, and answered with some hesitation.—If I possessed sufficient property to live in a place I liked better than Athens, why should I be bound down to that spot?"

"Soc. From whom do you derive your property?"

"Critob. The greater part of it I derive from my ancestors. The remainder I owe to my own industry."

"Soc. How does it happen that those covetous and dishonest persons, who abound so much in the world; that thieves, highway robbers, and other enemies, have been so unaccountably obliging as to leave your ancestors in peaceable possession of the time and opportunity necessary to the acquirement of it? and that when they and you had once got it, they did not take it away from you again."

"Critob. The laws and the armed force of Athens protect us against such accidents."

"Soc. It is to these, then, that you owe the possibility of gaining, and the power of preserving your property?"

"Critob. So it appears, indeed."

"Soc. Now I should like to know, what could have induced the Athenians to protect you; and further, why they ever have and still do put themselves to great expence to have that protection always ready, if in consideration of all this you owe them no return?"

"Critob. Neither do we remain their debtors on that score. We obey their laws, we contribute according to our means to their public expenditure; bear arms in person, or fit out a galley for them at our own charge whenever they call upon us, and perform several other similar services."

"Soc. But do you not think that, when the Athenians originally undertook to protect your property, they did not also stipulate that you on your part should not desert those duties which even common gratitude towards your earliest and best benefactor imposes upon you."

"Critob. I think they did."

"Soc. Suppose then, for instance, Critobulus should take it into his head to renounce his duty to his country; could he do so without manifesting himself at once as a person void of gratitude and justice towards his country?"

"Critob. I see that I was in the wrong, Socrates."

"Soc. Commune with yourself further on this matter, and tell me the result when we meet again."

Here I conclude this lengthy epistle. And remain, Sir, your obedient servant,
GERMANICUS.

LITERATURE & LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, FEB. 3.

Saturday last the following Degrees were conferred:—

BACHELOR IN CIVIL LAW.—Rev. J. Duke Coleridge, Balliol College.

MASTERS OF ARTS.—Oswald Feilden, and E. H. Penny, Brasenose College.

BACHELORS OF ARTS.—J. F. Moor, Esq. Brasenose Coll. grand compounder; Rev. Marcus Armstrong, Trinity College; R. Burr Bourne, Student of Ch. Ch.; J. Stuart Murray Anderson, Scholar of Balliol Coll.

Feb. 10.—Thursday last the following degrees were conferred:—

BACHELOR IN DIVINITY.—The Rev. Ellis Ashton, Fellow of Brasenose College.

MASTERS OF ARTS.—Rev. W. Salmon Bagshaw, Worcester College; Rev. C. S. S. Dupuis, Scholar of Pembroke College.

BACHELORS OF ARTS.—F. Lipscomb, Scholar of University College; H. J. Boone Nicholson, Magdalen Hall.

Cambridge, Jan. 29.—The subject for the Sebastian Prize Poem for the present year is—*The Old Age of St. John the Evangelist.*

Jan. 26.—Saturday last, being Bachelors of Arts' Commencement, the following 151 gentlemen were admitted to that degree:—

Mr. Holt, King's College; Messrs. Arnold, Atkinson, Bagshawe, Barker, Barnardiston, Barnes, Clavering, Cornwall, Davies, Duncan, Earles, Graves, Kennaway, Key, Kindersley, Knyfton, Leech, Lucas, Macaulay, Mackie, Monk, Moore, Ollivant, Peile, Postle, Pratt, Prendergast, Presgrave, Proby, Rawlinson, Ridsdale, Sandys, Smale, Stevenson, Talbot, Thompson, Whyte, and Wilkinson, Trinity College; Messrs. Abbs, Ainger, Bartlett, Brice, Brown, T. Brown, Carr, Chapman, Copeman, Cubitt, Denham, Estridge, Golduey, James, Linton, Lombard, Magennis, Mandell, Matchett, Melvill, Motle, Newby, Pierce, Præd, Rose, Rose sen., Secker, Sidney, Simpson, Spencer, Steers, Swinburne, Tylecote, Walthall, Williams, Wilson, Wintle, and Wiseman, St. John's College; Messrs. Barker sen., Barrow, Cogh, Coombe, Faulkner, Hanbury, Perkin, Vachell, Veasey, Wrey, and Yaldwyn, St. Peter's College; Messrs. Booth, Cherry, Fawcett, Jackson, Oldcotes, Page, and Power, Clare Hall; Messrs. Allen, Arthur, Dobson, Fauquier, Murray, Trollope, and Williams,

Pembroke heart, and low, and Beever, Plater, B Gabert, lege; M Russell, Clarke, Moorsom Whiteley Cantis, wood, Ja College; Lavie, M Hoste, M Sussex C On W of Queen Arts.

Romina be altoget and app nance pr nary ph able, in portions native e trust to flat nose his plum his long ready su more ec fest defe uncomm ed at fir soner. bright a In his refined; studied s of the he seemed than to His enu and deli inclined voice, th The c he woul with th he woul poignant The o observe vanta wi to a mi dischar custom He divi Alfred; to work would ments which dresser being f appoint perfect Tonsor.

Pembroke Hall; Messrs. Arundel, Engleheart, and Studd, Caius College; Messrs. Barlow, and Townsend, Trinity Hall; Messrs. Beevor, Blake, Creed, Holmes, Hubbard, and Plater, Bene't College; Messrs. Birds, Fennell, Gabert, Hubbersty, and Wood, Queen's College; Messrs. Addison, Ellis, Fisher, and Russell, Catherine Hall; Messrs. Bewicke, Clarke, Comber, Edwards, Green, Jollye, Moorsom, Perry, Raynes, Wedgewood, and Whiteley, Jesus College; Messrs. Barker, Cantia, Cheslyn, Denton, Edwards, Heywood, Jardine, Johnson, and Selby, Christ College; Messrs. Husband, Johnston, and Lavie, Magdalene College; Messrs. Andrews, Hoste, Mantel, and Wilson, Emanuel College; Messrs. Atkinson, and Sewell, Sidney Sussex College.

On Wednesday last, Isaac Temple, Esq. of Queen's College, was admitted Master of Arts.

Reminiscences of Gibbon.—Nothing could be altogether less imposing than the figure and appearance of Gibbon, whose countenance presented one of the most extraordinary physiognomical phenomena imaginable, in consequence of the irregular proportions of each part to the whole. His diminutive eyes exhibited a most singular contrast to his high and stately forehead; his flat nose seemed almost to disappear between his plump and far-projecting cheeks; and his long double chin rendered his face, already sufficiently elliptical, still longer and more eccentric. Yet with all these manifest defects, Gibbon's countenance had an uncommon expression of dignity, and denoted at first glance, the deep and acute reasoner. His eyes, though small, were very bright and penetrating.

In his address, Gibbon was polished and refined; but his politeness had more of the studied air of the man of the world, than that of the heart; a sort of spurious civility, which seemed to spring less from a desire to please, than to be thought a finished gentleman. His enunciation in conversation was studied and deliberate, and he always appeared more inclined to listen to the music of his own voice, than to that of any other person's.

The character of his face never varied; and he would listen to a tale of frolic and mirth, with the same profound gravity with which he would hearken to a story of the most poignant woe.

The most rigorous punctuality was always observed throughout his house; and his servants were compelled to execute their duties to a minute, or incur the hazard of being discharged. Of this exactness he was accustomed to set them an example himself. He divided his time after the manner of King Alfred; by the striking of his clock he went to work, to the table, or into society; nor would he prolong either of these employments a moment longer than the time to which he had restricted himself. A hair-dresser had once his congé given him, for being five minutes after the period of his appointment; his successor, in order to be perfectly secure from the fate of his brother Tonsor, presented himself five minutes

sooner than was fixed, for which he also was discharged; and the third, by dint of arriving at the door precisely as the clock struck, was retained.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

EASTERN ANTIQUES.

Letter to Baron Silvestre de Sacy, by Abbé Reinaud, on the Collection of Oriental Monuments, in the possession of the Count de Blacas.—(Extract.)

"It is but lately," says M. Reinaud, "that the cabinet of the Count de Blacas has been encreased by this species of riches, which, having been successively augmented, now form a museum, with which there are few that can be compared. His Excellency had already a collection of Persepolitan Cylinders, of Sassanide, Kufic, Arabic, Armenian, and modern Persian stones and medals; among others those which belonged to the late Mr. Akerblad, when an opportunity offered of purchasing a very fine series of Arsacide, Sassanide, Kufic, Persian, Turkish, Indian, and Georgian medals and stones, collected from various countries of Asia. This collection, enriched by new acquisitions in France and Italy, is not remarkable only for the number of the articles it contains. Many of the Sassanide medals, among which there is one of gold, bear all the characteristics assigned by Maerizi, and other Arabic authors, to the coins struck under the first Caliphs, the existence of which coins has long been doubted. As for the Arabic medals posterior to the epoch when they received legends in harmony with the dogmas of Islamism, Count Blacas possesses one of silver, of the year 84 of the Hegira, and one of gold of the year 88, the oldest known of that metal. The collection contains a great number of varieties in the branches of Kufic numismatology, from Spain to the eastern extremities of the empire of the first Caliphs. Several of them are imbedded; others, though long since published, furnish, by their high state of preservation, more correct inscriptions." Mr. Reinaud, who is commissioned by Count Blacas to publish a description of these monuments, explains, in this letter, the method which he means to follow in his work.

NEW COMET.

Bremen, 31 January.

Yesterday evening about 7 o'clock, a small comet was observed not far from γ in Pegasus. It is small and faint, but a tail of about 45 minutes in extent was perceived by the telescope. At 7^h 27', Bremen mean time, its right ascension was 359° 27', and its north declination 16° 54'. It moves very slowly towards the west and south, and is not visible to the naked eye.—W. OLBERS.

This is doubtless the same comet which was discovered by Mr. Pons, from the observatory at Marlia near Lucca, on the 20th of January (we believe). When he first observed it, it was small and of a faintish white colour, without any apparent nucleus. On his observing it the following day, its apparent size and brightness had rather increased;

but it was very remarkable, that it did not seem to have changed its place.

This comet has been seen at Paris by Mr. Nicolle; at Leyden, and, we presume, at other observatories.

New Musket.—A Halifax United States Newspaper says, "We have seen the new invented and 'repeating musket,' so called from being calculated to discharge eight single balls in regular succession within the space of about 16 seconds. The musket has two locks; one at the usual place, the other about half way down the barrel. The balls are perforated, and a small fuse passes through each, which is lit by the cartridge to which it is attached. The priming is in the first instance set on fire by the lock fired on the barrel, the trigger of which is drawn by a wire, and the charge in the chamber of the gun may be kept in reserve."

FINE ARTS.

Royal Academy.—On Saturday Mr. E. H. Baily, the Sculptor, was elected an Academician, for the vacancy occasioned by the death of the late President. We have often had to notice those works which have justly entitled Mr. Baily to this reward; and should rejoice to see the splendid talents of Mr. Martin equally distinguished.

SHAKESPEARE'S MONUMENT.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—Perfectly coinciding with your correspondent, (page 60) in the warm eulogies so appositely bestowed on our great countryman, Shakespeare, I must however dissent from a few observations which he has made.

Your correspondent suggests, that the proposed building to our Bard's memory should be erected in the metropolis, the theatre of his fame, and the only place where any thing preeminent in art will be adequately seen and fully appreciated. But was London the exclusive theatre of his fame? and is the great city the only place, where works of art can be properly viewed and estimated? Certainly not. His fame is "broad and general as the casing air;" the whole universe partakes of it; and the place of his nativity is too poetically associated, too frequently visited, too deeply venerated, to be ever disregarded. Stratford gave birth to that man whose writings have immortalized his own memory, and greatly assisted, if not produced, that high literary and dramatic character which this country so proudly boasts of, and Europe allows.

Compelled by imprudence, at an early period of life, to leave his native town, Shakespeare went to London, more perhaps from necessity than inclination. The occurrence was fortunate for himself, and for the world. He delighted them, and they compensated him. His annual visits, however, to this place in his maturer age, evince his regard to the beloved scenes of his boyish days; and it is equally probable, that many of his plays were written at Stratford during

his temporary retirement, as that they were composed whilst he was more actively engaged in the concerns of the theatre in town. But as soon as "competence allowed him the freedom of choice," he seems to have sighed for a calm retreat in Stratford; for so early in life as in his 33d year, he purchased the best house in this town; altered it to suit his own taste and convenience, and changed its name to New Place. Here, as Mr. Malone conjectures, he wrote several plays after he finally quitted London; here he passed the short remainder of life which was allotted to him, "in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends;" and here, the *Sweet Swan of Avon*, as his acquaintance, Ben Jonson, affectionately calls him, breathed his last. Although the fatal hand of a Gastrell felled his hallowed tree, and left no stone of this favoured mansion unturned—yet this spot, sacred to Geniuses and the Muses, still receives its merited adoration; and as by a happy coincidence, it is now to be purchased, the promoters of the undertaking for the erection of a national monument to his memory (who were *numerously* composed of the principal inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood) have very laudably fixed on this as the most appropriate spot in England for such a purpose; where it will be as adequately seen as in London, and I trust, more highly appreciated.

We should not forget, that respect to Genius and Merit has frequently prompted this liberal country to erect memorials in various forms to departed worth; and that the monument, now intended to commemorate the amiable Goldsmith, is to be placed in his native town in Ireland, although he published most of his works, spent a considerable portion of his life, died, and was buried, in the English metropolis.

Stratford upon Avon, R. B. W.
30th Jan. 1821.

GERMAN FINE ARTS.

Extracts from a Letter from Franchfort.

Our fellow-citizen, Mr. John David Passavant, an able artist now residing at Rome, has lately published a work, but without his name, under the title of "Ideas on the Arts of Design," and an account of their progress in Tuscany, for the purpose of fixing the point of view under which the new German school of painting is to be considered.

This work contains views on the object and origin of Art in general; considerations on the insufficiency of the present academies of art, and proposals for better promoting the progress of the arts. The conclusion drawn by the author is, that Art is a national affair; that its importance depends on the public life, the liberal or confined notions of nations; that its interest is but little promoted by the education of young men expressly as artists, but very much by the execution of great, and, as much as possible, public works. In support of these principles, the author describes, in a very well written essay, the progress of the Art in Tuscany, and pays particular attention to the time of Raphael, which, though in many respects the most important, has been hitherto almost wholly

neglected by the historians of the Art. But the principal subject of the work, and respecting which authentic and detailed accounts are here for the first time given, is the efforts of the new German School of Painting, which he follows from its beginning, when it is connected with its general intellectual regeneration of the German nation, till its latest development. He then characterizes the most distinguished co-operators in these efforts, paints their mode of life in Rome, describes their works, and explains their principles.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

GRADUAL DAY, OFF PALERMO.

From out the purple portals of the East
Peers the first dawn of day upon the world,
With dim uncertain light. Huge clouds still
wrap

The base of fiery Strombolo,—and—Night,
With her black waving pennons fingers yet
Far in the western hemisphere—long trains
Of tremulous mist curtain the deep blue breast
Of Adria's waveless ocean; some repose,
In folds fantastically graceful, on
The glassy waters;—others slowly wind
Their way in silvery circuitings to heaven,
And, as in mockery of the glance that strives
To trace their airy wanderings,—dissolve,
Invisibly, whilst yet the gazer's eye
Strains its intensest nerves.—Light breaks,
With giant stride upon the earth, and breathes
The breath of life into the pulseless veins
Of slumber-locked creation. Yon white clouds—
That seem to rise like mountains from the sea,
Garbed with untrodden snows, suddenly grow
Radiant with streaks of gold:—a deeper blush
Of crimson now pervades them, and the sun,
Lifting his orb above the wave, looks out
In glory on the world.

Nature around,
Hath awakened from her trance, and shaking off
The night dews from her beauty, stands revealed
In rainbow tinted loveliness to man!

ARION.

STANZAS.

Yes, I confess the morn for me
Hath charms surpassing evening hour;
I love to bound o'er dale and lea,
To mark the dew on each fresh flower.

To see the early sunny rays
Paint with prismatic colours sheen,
The rose-mew's thread upon the sprays
Of budding thorns in hedge-rows green.

My spirits feel a fresh'ning glow
When early from my couch I leap;
When from my eyelids off I throw
Nature's restorer, balmy sleep.

And fresh and sweet the meadows smell—
All nature wakes to life again;
The vernal groves with music swell
Of early lark's soul cheering strain.

I view the cows that move along
Slowly emerge from thicket shades,
To forests dells, a milky throng,
Lazily crop the hedge-row's glades.

These scenes for me have more delight
Than all that evening hour bestows;
And yet the evening's soft twilight,
When Sol in western radiance glows—

Breathes o'er my soul a soothing calm,
Excites my mind to tend'ring thought;
Flings o'er my heart a soft'ning balm,
And comes with sweetest fancies fraught.

But yet I rather love to feel
The fresh'ning breeze play round my head;
The buoyancy of spirits steal
Throughout my frame, by morning bred.

IMPROVPTU.

I own Belinda's young and fair,—
In most respects she's faultless;
Her heart is excellent, I know—
But then she's wild and thoughtless.

The very reason that you urge
Would make a wise man take her.—
For woman's in no state so good,
As want of head will make her.

MIRZALA.

(A Fragment from the Arabic.)

1.

She was beautiful as the lily-bosomed Hour
That gladden the visions of the poet, when, soothing
to thoughts of pleasantness and peace, the
downy pinions of Sleep wave over his turbulent
soul.

2.

She was more graceful than the Antelope;—
and had a skin fairer than the plumage of the
billow-stemming bird of Frangustan.

3.

Her golden ringlets streamed over her snowy
and transparent shoulders, like the rich rays of
the noon-day sun upon a rock of the purest
alabaster.

4.

Her eyes were as two imaged stars, peering
from the blue depths of untroubled waters: and
the vivid vermilion of her cheek was as the
odour-breathing blossom of the peach.

5.

In sorrow (aye and even in joy) the heaving
of her bosom was like the tremulous motion of
the Lake of Pearls, when the tempest that de-
formed it hath passed by;—but for the heart
that dwelt therein,—oh, its chords were ever
musical, whether swept by the ruthless hand of
Grief, or touched by the delicate fingers of De-
light!

6.

As the mysterious pebbles of Kathay yield
their harmonious murmurs, whether wrought
upon by the storm-blast or zephyr; so the soul
of Mirzala always responded in melody.

7.

The Anemone is a lovely flower:—but fragile
and evanishing as the forms that people the day-
dreams of Fancy:—the wind wringeth it from
its stem, and quickly whirleth it on high. Even

* This thought occurs in Fairfax's version of
Tasso; there is nothing like it in his original.
Lorenzo de Medici expresses himself in a simi-
lar manner in one of his poems. I cannot refer
to the precise passage just at this moment, but
think it is to be found in the sonnet entitled,
'Il primo incontro.'

† "Hujus litus, (Kathay) ait Capella, con-
centum musicum illis in terris unde reddere, quod
propter tantam eruditionis vim puto dictum."
Ludov. Pives in Augustin de Civitat. Dei. lib. xviii.
c. 8.

See Moore's Lalla Rookh—

As if all the shores,
Like those of Kathay, uttered music, and gave
An answer in song to the kiss of the wave.

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such was the daughter of Ben Azra; and so faded it with the maiden.

There has been mourning in the Valley of Camels;—Desolation dwelleth in the Palace of the Emir;—the lute and the ziralet; are silent in its halls;—the dance and the revel have ceased;—the echoes of Israfil are no more;—but, hark to the Wul-wulch of Despair!

There is blood on the threshold of Ben Azra;—even the blood of the guiltless Abderrahman; for the prophet hath not forbidden us to love; and in this alone had he offended. The ataghan was sheathed in his heart;—his turban-stone is whitening on the hill.

Oh, thou pervading power of Love! thou art to some, sweet as the bubbling fountain of freshness to the burning brow of the desert-worn traveller; but to others, terrible as the fiery Pesilence, or the breath of the unmerciful Si-moom!

A. A. W.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

EXTRAORDINARY JOURNEY: CAPT. GORDON.

A few months ago we were enabled, by a letter from Moscow, to mention some particulars, in addition to those stated in the newspapers, respecting the remarkable movements of the gentleman whose name stands above. A gentleman of celebrity in both hemispheres, who has recently travelled overland from India, met Captain Gordon in Persia, and gives the following account of that adventurous and meritorious individual, of whom we may premise, that his former life has been not a little marked with vicissitudes; for he was taken prisoner in going to India during the war, got home from France through Holland, and published an account of his hair-breadth 'scapes; and subsequently made a trading voyage to Japan, of his intercourse with the people of which country an account appeared.

Of his situation when last encountered, our informant thus writes: "I had reached Ispahan on my way to Tebriz, when I heard for the first time of Captain G.'s arrival at Tehran. The communication was contained in a letter from the English Chargé d'Affaires at the court of Tehran, bearing date the 22d of May last year (1820.) In the letter he says, "Captain Gordon, formerly commander of the schooner *Brothers*, celebrated for his voyage from Calcutta to Okhotsk, in a vessel of 65 tons, arrived here yesterday from Okhotsk. He has made a very rapid journey through Siberia, and comes last from Tadleez, where he heard that the Duc de Berri had been assassinated. He leaves this for India on the 25th. It was to be inferred from this letter, (continues the gentleman from whom we derive the intelligence,) that our party would meet Captain G. in our further course northward; and we met accordingly on the 3d of June, near a place called So, about 65 miles distant from

Ispahan. Captain G. was then walking at the head of his mules, in good health, and complaining of nothing but the extremely slow rate of his progress, (about 20 miles a day,) through Persia, as compared with the rapidity of his journey through Siberia. He stated, I think, that he had left Okhotsk eight months before, and had then travelled about 11,000 miles, of which 2,500 were accomplished probably in sledges,* in the short space of fourteen days! He had been frequently arrested in his career by Russian military posts, but was always released on reference to the nearest commanding officer. He did not complain of having suffered any great hardships in the course of his journey, which he said he was compelled to take by the following circumstances:—Having sold his cargo at Okhotsk, he dispatched his vessel to Calcutta, and remained himself to receive the proceeds. This done, he had no means of returning but by land, and therefore undertook the long and extraordinary expedition which he has since so successfully prosecuted. It will be a matter of much curiosity to ascertain the precise route which he has followed, but this had not been done at Tehran, and could not be done by our party, who were with him but ten minutes on the road. Had we met at the end of a stage we should have spent at least one day together, and I might then have given you more information than I am now able to do. He did not speak very favourably of the treatment he had experienced from the Russians at Okhotsk, or of the general result of his voyage thither."†

THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.—Beggars' Opera.—

On Tuesday Gay's celebrated opera was produced in a very lively and spirited manner, Durset taking the part of Macheath, Miss Stephens that of Polly, and Mrs. C. Kemble that of Lucy. Durset went through his part in very good style; and although he was not at first in full possession of his voice, he soon recovered it. The song of "*How happy could I be with either*," was sung with a great deal of character. Miss Stephens's indisposition, so far from having been at all prejudicial, would appear rather to have improved her voice. There was a touching tenderness in her cadenzas, and a richness and delicacy in the graces she took occasion to introduce, which every one possessed of the commonest faculty of feeling might readily appreciate; and this style is calculated, above all others, to become popular, because it possesses the advantage of speaking to the hearts as well as to the

* I have supposed that Captain G. travelled in sledges, because he travelled in winter; but the Russian carts drive with inconceivable rapidity; and I myself, who never travelled by night, have not unfrequently gone more than 100 miles by day-light.—L.

† We are convinced that Captain G. must be the person to whom we alluded as having arrived safely at Calcutta. Rumour might have made some mistake as to his route.—Ed.

ears of an audience. Extraordinary powers of execution may surprise us into admiration; the musical amateur will derive infinite gratification from the development of any new faculty in his favourite art; but let taste and sentiment be superadded, and the effect of the union becomes irresistible, whether the listener be learned or unlearned in the science. The syren who has called for these remarks was perhaps on the whole a little too serious for Polly; but this is the prevailing character of her singing, and we can readily forgive it. Mrs. C. Kemble played Lucy with much spirit.

Dramatic Chat.—Kean has performed Macbeth, Reuben Glenroy, Brutus, and other parts, with success equal to his Othello, Richard, &c., at New York.

Miss Wilson.—This captivating Songstress continues her brilliant career; and the public may like to hear a few further particulars about their new favourite. Miss W. is a native of the southern part of Berwickshire in Scotland; her father being from the town of Coldstream. He is represented to us as an independent respectable man for his station in life; maintaining the character for industry, integrity, and perseverance, which so generally does credit to his countrymen. Besides Miss W. he has several other daughters and two sons, one of whom is settled in Jamaica. A younger sister of the successful debutante, is also distinguished for musical capacity. Miss W. herself is eighteen years of age, and articulated to Mr. Welsh, till she completes her 21st year. She was likely in the first instance, to become a pupil of Lanza's; but circumstances induced her friends to seek the tuition of her present able instructor. Experiments of the kind are so doubtful, that Mr. Welsh declined the task, but handsomely offered to allow Miss W. opportunities of improving herself, and developing her talent under his observation, while teaching others. The ability which she soon displayed, led to the more permanent arrangement now existing, and which is likely to turn out so beneficial to both parties. The fame of her London success has procured her offers from Edinburgh and other places, from which it is said she would receive 5000*l.* within the present year. Her next part is to be Rosetta in *Love in a Village*. Brahams is to be the Hawthorn.

This is the age for musical wonders. A young lady of the name of Halland, who has been engaged and in training at Covent Garden from the beginning of the season, is about to make her *début* in Don John, converted into an opera from *The Chances*. She is the daughter of a clergyman at Worcester, and has been under the tuition of Mr. Watson, (not Bishop, as the daily journals have erroneously stated,) for a considerable time. We learn from a musical friend, who has attended a rehearsal of the opera in which she is to make her appearance, that her powers of execution are very extraordinary, her compass of voice extending to three octaves; but much, of course, will depend upon her management of these powers. Her taste is reported to be somewhat exuberant.

‡ Ziralet, a song of rejoicing.

§ Israfil, the Angel of sweet sounds—the Spirit of music.

¶ Wul-wulch, a lamentation;—the death-song of the East.

rant; but in this she may soon improve. She is twenty-one years of age, and of an agreeable person.

Miss Dance, the new tragic actress mentioned in a former number, will not be ready for some weeks.

On the night that his Majesty visited Covent Garden, the house was fuller than was ever known before. The produce of the pit was upwards of 150*l*. (a much larger sum than was taken at Mrs. Siddons's last appearance). There were above nine hundred persons wedged in the pit of the theatre on Thursday week.

Mr. Shelley is said to be writing a tragedy, of which Charles II. is to be the hero.

It is also reported that Mr. Shiel is engaged upon a tragedy, on the oft told exploits of William Tell.

A boy of the name of Smith, and only nine years old, performed Norval at the New York theatre in the first week of January, with much applause!

VARIETIES.

The Queen, Bergami, and Lady (Anne) Hamilton, now figure in an exhibition of wax-work at Boston, America!

A letter from Buenos Ayres of the 1st of October, states, that the French naturalist Bonpland, the companion of Humboldt, had sailed on an expedition to explore the coast and the islands of Parana and Paraguay, and to penetrate into the interior of the latter province.

Anecdote.—In one of the poems of Calidasa (who flourished at the court of Vicramaditya, fifty-seven years before Christ, and from whose productions Sir William Jones has translated some favourable specimens) is to be found a couplet which has been thus rendered: "The intoxicated bee shines and murmurs in the fresh blown Milica, like him who gives breath to the white conch in the procession of the God with five arrows." A critic to whom the poet repeated this verse observed, that the comparison was not exact; since "the bee sits on the blossom itself, and does not murmur at the end of the tube, like him who blows a conch." "I was aware of that," replied Calidasa, "and therefore described the bee as *intoxicated*: a drunken musician would blow the shell at the wrong end." This was a very proper rebuke, and doubtless annihilated for a space the arguments of the hypercritic. It was probably in this spirit that our divine Milton observed, in reply to the importunities of a friend, as to some assumed contradictions and inconsistencies in the speeches of Satan to his peers, in *Paradise Lost*; that, admitting the fact to be as was represented, it would have been improper and out of character, for the devil, who is the *father of lies*, to have delivered several long speeches without any deviation from truth or consistency! As we have not seen this anecdote quoted in any of the published lives of the poet, it may not be improper to state the source from whence we derived it. It is

written in Latin, in a cramped and curious hand, on a fly leaf of Fenton's *Life of Milton*, in the possession of a gentleman now on the continent. We have no further means of vouching for its authenticity.

Round-about Evidence.—Mother Hopkins told me, that she heard Greene's wife say that John Harries's wife told her, that granny Hopkins heard the widow Basham say, that Captain Weed's wife thought, Colonel Hopkin's wife believed, that old Miss Lamb reckoned, that Samuel Dunham's wife had told Spaulding's wife, that she heard John Fink's wife say, that her mother told her, old Miss Jenks heard granny Cook say that it was a matter of fact.—*American Paper.*

Died, on Sunday last, at Richmond, aged 90, Mr. Adam Walker, the late celebrated Lecturer in Experimental Philosophy. It is due to the memory of this ingenious Philosopher to observe, that he was the original inventor of that beautiful machine the Eidouranion, or Transparent Orrery, and the Celestina; the Warm-air Stove under the House of Lords, and Pit of the Italian Opera-House; the present Mail-Coach with upright wheels; and the great *Revolving Lights* on the Isles of Scilly, Crouer, &c. He wrote and published "*Familiar Philosophy*," 2 vols.; "*Tours to Italy, the Lakes*," &c.—*Morning Post.*

The Halcyns.—A new religious sect has sprung up in the Western parts of America, particularly in Marietta. They style themselves *Halcyns*, and the most novel feature of their creed is that "Aaron's breast-plate, called by the Jews Urim and Thummim, must be retrieved before the resurrection of the dead!"

An American journal congratulates congress on having, by the fortunate purchase of Mr. Jefferson's library, obtained among other treasures, DeBros's *Collection of Voyages*, 3 vols. folio, valued in an English catalogue at 1200*l*. and Purchas' *Pilgrimage*, valued at 50*l*.

Escape from Prison.—A fellow confined for counterfeiting the coin, lately made his escape from the prison at Boston in rather a curious way. A negro, his fellow prisoner, died, and was confined for interment on the following day. It is, it seems, the custom for the people of colour to remove and bury their dead in the afternoon. Accordingly four stout blacks were admitted by the gaoler, lifted the coffin, and carried off the corpse! No, but the living body of the coiner, who had removed the dead into his hammock and occupied his place. At the church-yard, one of the negroes began the customary funeral oration, when lo! the coffin lid flew open, the bearers ran howling with terror, and the cunning criminal effected his escape!

The number of students at the University of Gottingen at present amounts to 1,255. Of these 577 are Germans, and 678 foreigners: 225 study theology, 647 jurisprudence, 187 medicine, and 196 mathematics, philosophy, philology, political economy, history, and the liberal arts. The sum paid by the students for lodgings, for the half year, amounts to 21,800 gold crowns.

At a late sitting of the French Academy of Sciences, the following papers excited particular interest:—1st. A letter from M. Pexans, an officer of artillery, renewing his plan of destroying a ship of the line, of the first rank, by a small boat, conducted by a few men; 2d. A very curious memoir, by M. Biot, on electro-magnetic phenomena, the idea of which originated with Professor Ersted, of Copenhagen; 3d. An Historical Sketch, read by Captain Freycinet, of the voyage he performed round the world, and which, notwithstanding the accident that occurred to his ship, is expected to furnish infinite acquisitions to the sciences of astronomy, geography, and natural history.

M. Milbert, a naturalist and painter, (who is travelling in North America, at the expense of the French government,) in a letter dated New York, Oct. 31st, mentions that he had obtained a female of the species of Great Stag, the Esset (called by the Indians *Wapety*). He was waiting for a favourable wind to send it to Europe, along with various valuable objects of natural history. [What became of the *Wapety* brought to England and exhibited, in the King's Mews, Charing Cross?] The National Advocate, New York, 4th January, says; "The Sea-Serpent has again made its appearance to the eastward, as per log book; the affidavit of course will follow!"

LITERARY NOTICES.

We are authorized to say that Lady Elizabeth Fielding is not the author of a novel, as mentioned in our last by a correspondent.

The MS. Newspapers, got together by the contributions of our gallant countrymen during their long winter in Melville Island, are about to be published in a collective form. We should otherwise have had the pleasure of enriching the Literary Gazette with them.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

FEBRUARY 1821.

Thursday, 8.—Thermometer from 27 to 45.
Barometer from 30, 60 to 30, 42.
Friday, 9.—Thermometer from 23 to 46.
Barometer from 30, 20 to 30, 26.
Saturday, 10.—Thermometer from 32 to 41.
Barometer from 30, 11 to 30, 31.
Sunday, 11.—Thermometer from 27 to 42.
Barometer from 30, 31 to 30, 26.
Monday, 12.—Thermometer from 26 to 39.
Barometer from 30, 21 to 30, 26.
Tuesday, 13.—Thermometer from 29 to 36.
Barometer from 30, 26 to 30, 22.
Wednesday, 14.—Thermometer from 30 to 35.
Barometer from 30, 22 to 30, 20.
Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The history of the Society of Friends, Essay on Insanity, &c., are among other matters necessarily postponed, in consequence of the great influx of new and temporary matter.
ERRATUM.—In our last "Fine Arts" for Beethoven read Beethoven.

Miscellaneous Advertisements, Connected with Literature and the Arts.

British Gallery, Pall Mall.

THIS Gallery, for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of Modern Artists, is OPEN DAILY, from Ten in the Morning until Five in the Evening.

Admission 1s.—Catalogue 1s.
(By Order.) JOHN YOUNG, Keeper.

British Gallery of Pictures.

THE above Work being now completed in both Series, the SUBSCRIBERS are particularly requested to make up their Sums immediately. The undelivered Numbers cannot be retained longer than the 31st of March, when the whole of the remaining Stock will be converted into Prizes for

TOMKINS'S PICTURE LOTTERY.

which by Act of Parliament MUST BE DRAWN before the End of JULY, and probably much sooner. As, by the Act of Parliament, the Copper-plates are to be destroyed, Subscribers Sums, when completed, will become very valuable.

54, New Bond Street, Feb. 5; 1820.

MR. MULLOCK proposes to deliver, (extemporaneously) at the Argyle Rooms, a Series of LECTURES ON ENGLISH LITERATURE, similar in substance to those which he has given at Geneva, and more recently at Paris. The Lectures are designed to embrace not only a History of the English mind in its peculiar and characteristic national manifestations, but also such incidental investigation of Continental Literature, as the succession of topics may properly warrant. The first Lecture will be delivered on Friday, February 2d, at one o'clock precisely. The Terms of Subscription, &c. may be learned at the Lower Saloon, Argyle Rooms; at Ebers's Library, Bond Street; at Booth's, Bookeller, Duke Street, Portland Place; and at J. M. Richardson's, 23, Cornhill, where the syllabus of the Course may also be obtained.

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Conduit Street, Hanover Square. Subscribers to this Library have the right of choosing from a most extensive and valuable Collection of the best Books in the various Languages whatever works they may desire, which are regularly forwarded to all parts of England or the Continent; they also participate in the advantages arising from an immediate and abundant supply of New Publications, and (in the Extra Class) may direct the purchase of any work of general interest not previously added to the Library, arrangements which render its accommodations superior to those of any private collection, however large, and at a far less expense. The New Catalogue and Addenda, with Terms, to be had on application.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

In one vol. 8vo., price 14s.
SPENCE'S ANECDOTES, with an Appendix of original Letters by Pope, Hume, &c. &c. published from the original papers, with a Life of the Author. By SAMUEL WELLER SINGER.

"Mr. Singer has furnished a copious Life of Spence. The fresh materials which the writer has been enabled to bring to his work, and particularly some interesting evidence of the true character and feeling of Spence, render it valuable."—Quarterly Rev. No. 46.

"The Anecdotes of Pope's Conversation, as they relate to his individual opinions, are of course more specific and minute, and proportionably more original and curious; they have the great recommendation of being authentic; and we are thankful for whatever we can get from so interesting a source."—Edinburgh Rev. No. 66. London: Printed for W. H. Carpenter, Lower Brook Street; and Archibald Constable and Co. Edinburgh.

In folio 8vo. price 7s. boards.
POEMS, by BERNARD BARTON. Second edition, with Additions. London: Printed for Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, Paternoster Row.

In folio 8vo. price 8s. 6d. boards.
POEMS, containing THE INDIAN, and LAZARUS. London: Printed for Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, Paternoster Row.

Edinburgh Monthly Review.

On the 1st of February was published, price 8s. 6d. No. XXVI. of

THE EDINBURGH MONTHLY REVIEW;

Containing: Art. 1. Private Correspondence of David Hume with several distinguished Persons, between the years 1761 and 1776. 2. 1. A Father's Gift to his Children.—II. A Father's Second Present to his Family. 3. A Narrative of the Political and Military Transactions of British India—1815 to 1819. By H. T. Princeps. 4. Illustrations of the Novels and Tales, entitled, "Waverley," &c. 5. Percy Anecdotes; Part II. Anecdotes of Effingham. 6. Pomarium Britannicum; an Historical and Botanical Account of Fruits known in Great Britain. By Henry Phillips. 7. Historical Account of Discoveries and Travels in Asia. By Hugh Murray, F.R.S.E. 8. Memoirs of the Life of Andrew Hofer; taken from the German. By Charles Henry Hall, Esq. 9. A History of New York. By Diedrich Knickerbocker. 10. Monthly List of New Publications. 11. Literary and Scientific Intelligence. Printed for G. and W. B. Whitaker, 15, Ave-Marie-Lane; and Rodwell and Martin, Bond Street, London; Waugh and Innes, Edinburgh; and John Canning, Dublin.

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